

THE CANADIAN FORUM

A Monthly Journal of Literature and Public Affairs

VOLUME IV

No. 37



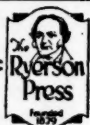
OCTOBER

1923

Editorial Comment & A Political Letter -	-	-
Hungary's Relation to Czecho-Slovakia -		<i>John Ellinger</i>
The Ancient Problem of Transportation -		<i>G. W. Brown</i>
The Liquor Plebiscite in Alberta -		<i>Thompson-Hardy</i>
Correspondence - -	<i>J. Duff, W. A. Langton, G. O. Smith</i>	
John Morley - -		<i>M. W. Wallace</i>
Anne Pedersdotter - -		<i>Josephine Barrington</i>
The Strawstack - -		<i>Raymond Knister</i>
The Window Seat - -		<i>L. A. C. Panton</i>
The Bookshelf - -		- - -
The Business Cycle, V - -		<i>H. Michell</i>

Price 25¢ Yearly 2.00

*Published at 152 St. George St. Toronto
Copyright Canada 1920 by P. Sandiford*



New and Distinctive Canadian Publications

BUILDERS OF THE CANADIAN COMMONWEALTH

By George H. Locke

Mr. Locke has found a new way of presenting history—in the epoch-making speeches of statesmen. He has selected eighteen outstanding orations, each of these bearing on some phase of Canada's developing nationhood, arranged chronologically, telling the story in an unusually interesting way of Canadian political growth. The speech of each statesman is prefaced by a characteristic biographic sketch from Mr. Locke's own pen. Decorations by C. W. Jefferys also add character. A better-than-usual book in typography and binding. **Price, \$2.50.**

PENS AND PIRATES

By William Arthur Deacon

Literary essays are not a familiar thing in Canada. These, by the well-known "Candide" of Toronto Saturday Night, have a clever, piquant tone which assures their acceptance. While they are mainly about books and authors they cover various phases of Canadian life. Decorations by F. H. Varley are well suited to the text. The book is striking in binding and finish. **Price, \$3.00.**

From your Bookseller, or

THE RYERSON PRESS
PUBLISHERS - TORONTO

A BOOKLOVER'S RENDEZVOUS

ALL BOOKLOVERS are invited to send us their name and address so that it can be placed on our regular mailing list and enable us to keep them informed of all important books as issued; also if you send us the names of other booklovers it would be appreciated, not only by us but by them, as our experience shows how difficult it is for those interested in books to get desired information.

WM. TYRRELL & CO., LIMITED
780 YONGE STREET
(Near Bloor)

Booksellers

Fine Art Dealers

Stationers

*We cordially invite you to call and see
our collection of*

PICTURES, OLD and MODERN

**Original Etching, Aquatints,
Mezzotints, and Engravings**

Expert Restorations of all kinds

*Special attention given to every description of
FRAMING*

THE CARROLL GALLERY LIMITED

117 King Street West - - - TORONTO

Telephone, Adelaide 6080

Representatives of The Carroll Gallery,
London, England.

Two Books of Real Worth

THE DEVELOPMENT OF CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT IN CANADA

By SIR ROBERT BORDEN

Probably no Canadian living is better qualified to discuss this subject than the author of this book. His treatment of his theme has received a great deal of praise from former political opponents as well as from friends. It is a subject in which every Canadian citizen is interested. **Postpaid, \$1.00**

IDEALISM IN NATIONAL CHARACTER

By SIR ROBERT FALCONER

President of the University of Toronto

In an age of materialism it is a pleasant relief to consider idealism. Sir Robert Falconer outlines in this book much that will provoke thinking and that will induce the reader to base his thinking on fundamental principles. **Postpaid, \$1.00**

SEND YOUR ORDER WITH REMITTANCE TO-DAY
TO THE

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS
TORONTO - CANADA

THE CANADIAN FORUM



VOL. IV

TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1923

No. 37

FRANCE has had her victory in the Ruhr at last; but the first flush of triumph has not taken long to fade. The franc, after its sharp recovery from the record break that preceded the 'settlement', has begun to sink again; and M. Poincaré has felt constrained, in the course of one of his regular sabbatical hates, to warn his countrymen that the real struggle still lies before them. This hardly looks as if (to quote the words of a recent press despatch) 'the last obstacle to the resumption of reparations payments had been removed'. But the worst feature of the situation is that Europe finds herself back once more in the stultifying atmosphere of Georgian compromise. Two months ago the British Government formally denounced the occupation of the Ruhr as illegal and ruinous. It proposed a plan for withdrawal coupled with a general settlement. To this note the French Government not only returned a blank negative, but actually increased its demands for reparations. Six weeks of official silence and holiday-making followed, to be broken on September 20th by an announcement that the Prime Ministers of Great Britain and France, having met in Paris, were 'happy to discover that on no question was there any difference of purpose or divergence of principle which might impair the co-operation of the two countries'.

THE belated explanation of this astounding diplomatic somersault, which has just been conveyed to the Dominion Premiers through Lord Curzon, does so little to dispel the mystery that one is thrown back on speculation. Evidently the earlier theory, which presupposed some agreement between France and Germany cutting the ground from under Mr. Baldwin's feet, is no longer tenable. Not only has M. Poincaré made none of the modest concessions that might have helped to save Herr Stresemann's face; he has even refused, two weeks after the capitulation, to modify the régime in the Ruhr, contenting himself with the characteristic reflection that 'we must exact the total of our reparations and watch over the maintenance of our security'. The German Government, on its side, has made it fairly clear that the official abandonment of passive resistance was the result

simply of financial exigencies. That there can exist, on the other hand, any but the vaguest sort of negative agreement between France and Britain seems to be precluded by Lord Curzon's statement that Britain is now awaiting new French proposals. If these include the claim (revived lately in the Paris press) for a pledge of 'rapid and effective' military aid, not only on behalf of France, but also on behalf of her remaining satellites, the renewed Entente should not have long to live.

IT is, in fact, impossible to believe that, from England's point of view, this 'complete agreement', whatever it is, can rest on anything more positive or hopeful than a stupid phrase masking a dangerous weakness. What the cause of that weakness is—whether it is the result of a personal surrender by Mr. Baldwin to his die-hards, or whether it is partly this and partly the result of a compromise with France arising out of Signor Mussolini's attack on the League of Nations—it is impossible to say. At any rate, Mr. Baldwin's legend, the legend of a steady, determined man, is over and done with. By violating Lord Salisbury's maxim that in diplomacy words should never be allowed to get ahead of action, he has let Europe down more heavily than she has been let down at any time since the Peace Conference.

PROBABLY it is safe to assume that some foreknowledge of Mr. Baldwin's failure prompted the German Government's surrender. Neither Herr Stresemann, nor the great industrialists who are his masters, wanted a capitulation without an agreement; and their failure in negotiating directly with France must have made them still less inclined to throw up the sponge while any prospect of a settlement under English auspices remained. Whether an alternative course lay open to them is another question. Those who are inclined to believe that Herr Stresemann might, by nailing his flag to the mast, have held out until the winter brought unbearable misery to the German people, will regard the course he has chosen as the one most likely to lead to speedy disruption. At the moment, he is reported to have restored his

original Cabinet after a fruitless effort to exclude the Social-Democrats. Whether he can now perform the miracle of holding socialist Saxony and monarchist Bavaria within the stricken Republic, the next few days or weeks should show. If he fails, France will in all probability have the Rhineland republic and the separate Bavaria, for which her agents have been plotting and bribing for so many months. She will have also the task of policing, in the interest of security, an anarchical central Germany whose hungry inhabitants will doubtless resume the struggle that their Government has abandoned.

THERE is no use trying to pretend that the League did anything more than scrape through the Italian crisis. Everyone knows that if there ever was a dispute in which the League was justified in assuming complete jurisdiction it was this one. Everyone knows, too, that the best chance of confirming the League's wavering authority is through successful action. The trouble is that each succeeding crisis finds its more timorous friends joined with its enemies in protesting that the time for successful action has not arrived. Scruples of this kind (which are usually indistinguishable from an exaggerated concern for the susceptibilities of certain Powers) may very well end by discrediting the League beyond hope of redemption. In the present instance the League may have to bear the additional stigma that attaches to an unsuccessful devolution of authority; for the Council of Ambassadors is now being attacked by its own investigating committee for having, in the absence of any evidence of complicity or negligence on the part of the Greek Government, ordered the delivery of the indemnity to Italy. Almost the only solid comfort to be derived from the whole episode is the knowledge that Britain, alone of the Great Powers, accorded an unqualified support to the smaller nations in their effort to establish the League's competence. Paris made no secret of its admiration for Signor Mussolini's methods, and only withdrew its encouragement when the imminence of an Italian triumph evoked a threat of wholesale defections. Little as France loves the League, she never forgets that the Covenant forms an integral part of the Treaty. So, in the fullness of time, is revealed the practical wisdom of President Wilson's determination to graft the Covenant on to the Treaty.

THE vision of a naval base at Singapore having almost completely vanished in the flames of the Japanese disaster, the Imperial Conference has already begun, with the evident approval of the disappointed Australians and New Zealanders, to concentrate on the old project of a preferential tariff. It is, however, just as well to remember that Imperial preference, besides holding out a promise of profits for Australian ranchers, holds something like a certainty of dearer

food for the already over-ried British workman. It is in the British Isles, therefore, that the issue will be decided; and Mr. King does well to leave the task of advocacy to the more Imperially-minded among the conferring premiers. In some respects the English stage may be said to be well set for another tariff reform campaign. The loss of European markets and the consequent unemployment, coupled with the deadlock that is the result of Mr. Baldwin's renunciation of the initiative in European affairs, supply a specious argument for a policy of inter-Imperial trade based on economic isolation. If there is any room for doubt about the economic effects of such a policy upon a nation whose whole industrial and financial fabric rests on its world-wide connections, there is at least no room for doubt about its political effect upon a world whose disease is largely that of barriers and the suspicions that barriers engender. Politically, Imperial preference would be nothing short of a calamity; for it would mean adopting the very policy of isolation and indifference with which we have been reproaching the United States for the last three years.

ANNOUNCEMENT is made from Ottawa that the doors of Canada have been thrown wide open to immigration. Restrictions which were brought into force after the war to prevent our being overwhelmed by a flood of refugees have been withdrawn. Even the hoary regulation favouring agricultural workers and domestic servants has gone by the board, as indeed it should: unless we are prepared to keep all newcomers under surveillance and to deprive them of the freedom of movement universally enjoyed in Canada, no effective means can be devised which will compel the farm hand to reject the allurements of the city or the domestic to be content with her lot when the gregarious life of shop and factory invite. Yet a 'wide-open' policy is full of danger, and, especially when the United States is following a policy of rigid restriction, Canada can ill afford to become a dumping ground. From the standpoint of industry alone, it is possible that a large volume of immigration may be desirable, since it adds to our wealth and eases the labour market, although any great influx, at any rate in the fall of the year, would be attended by considerable hardship. But if the matter of citizenship is to be considered, we can ill afford a large and promiscuous addition to our population, at any rate if it is to come from Central and Southern Europe. And we can have too many British immigrants, Mr. King's smooth words to the contrary. Men whose moral fibre has been sapped by unemployment doles, so that they have come to regard the world as owing them a living—like the disgruntled harvesters who thrust themselves on Baron Renfrew—will find Canada an uncomfortable place during the next few years. To British settlers of the type of those who carved homes out of Ontario forests a century ago,

and to stock from Norway and Sweden and Denmark and Finland who are equally happy with axe or hoe, Mr. Robb is wise in opening wide our ports, but with others we shall go farther if we go slowly.

THE dramatic arrest of ten citizens, previously men of repute or even distinction, immediately following the publication of the report of the curator appointed to review the affairs of the Home Bank, has not failed to impress the public imagination. It will be strange also if it does not have the effect of arousing considerable public sympathy, and for this reason. The circumstances attending the failure of the Merchants' Bank are still fresh in the memory of all. Here was another sin of the financial world, differing in seriousness of result, but not clearly differing in kind from that of the Home Bank. The exact nature of the differences, if difference there was, may never be known; for while it is reasonably certain that the depositors of the Home Bank will insist on a thorough investigation of all the circumstances and that the state of public opinion will render any secrecy impossible, in the case of the Merchants' Bank the depositors escaped loss and all the efforts of a section of the press and of the Progressives in the House were unequal to the task of forcing a disclosure of the true nature of the gambling which wrecked the bank. Consequently the officers of the Merchants' Bank may disport themselves at will, while those of the Home Bank have seen the police cells, and are at liberty only under heavy bail. In the circumstances it is only to be expected that a feeling will exist that the men who are now awaiting trial are bearing a double burden. They suffer in part for their own mistakes and in part from the public indignation which was aroused by the manner in which those responsible for the failure of the Merchants' Bank were allowed to escape. Justice should be dealt to the officers of the Home Bank, but in Canada justice must be even-handed.

FOR the future, means must be sought to ensure more careful handling of funds placed by depositors in the trust of banks. At one time private banks flourished in Canada, but so frequent were the failures in these institutions that gradually the business fell into the hands of establishments whose charter from the government placed them under certain obligations of accounting to the government. These obligations were regarded as a sort of guarantee of the financial soundness of the chartered banks. The double liability of shareholders and the strength of the Canadian Bankers' Association added to the sense of security felt by depositors. All this confidence has now been shaken. Mr. W. A. Buchner voiced a general feeling when he said at the meeting of Home Bank depositors in Toronto in reference to the Canadian Bankers' Association:

They are responsible for the fact that there is no government inspection. If the Canadian Government does not pass such a law the people of Canada will think that they are afraid that the condition of Canadian banks is such that they do not bear inspection.

The situation is not met by arguing as did the opponents of government inspection that the soundness of loans must always depend on individual judgment and that if government inspection is to be worth anything it must virtually amount to government guarantee. The public will not be satisfied with the uncertainty of the present system. Either the government must renounce all control over banks and permit us to depend on purely private banks, including secret vaults and buried pots of gold, or it must make its examination of the statements of banks mean something.

THE memory of Mrs. Courtice, who died last September, will live in the history of Ontario, indeed of Canadian education as the pioneer organizer of an idea destined to become universal. She set herself to band together those parents and teachers who felt keenly that by mutual understanding they could make a better success of their common work, a task vital to the happiness of parents and children, as well as to the growth of local and national life. Like most parents, she felt a special anxiety for the physical and moral well-being of children, and a great desire that of all the aspects of a well-rounded education, these at least should not be neglected. This feeling is widespread, but it is usually vague and inarticulate; Mrs. Courtice was convinced that regular friendly discussion would result in giving it definite form, as the two sets of educators came to realize that they are complimentary influences in an education which, however we may divide it, is still one in its results. To this end she gave all her energies in recent years. The result is to be seen in the Home and School movement which is in a very real sense her monument. While she had all the conviction and persistence of the pioneer, she was conspicuously free from the faults of narrowness, unfairness, and blatancy which too often disfigure the propagandist. She had a great store of patience and reasonableness; her charm of manner and address made her always welcome, and made it impossible for that welcome to be worn out by the presentation of her ideas. All her activities exemplified the humility and confidence that are the ideal mark of the Society of Friends. Indeed, the most abiding memory she has left is that, not only to a cause, but to the individual men and women and children she met, she was a true friend. Education, in these days of routine and standardization, needs many more of her like.

A POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT WRITES: For Canada, the Imperial Conference has been fated to open in an atmosphere of complete mystification about its objects and possibilities, and to date the oratorical artistry of the Prime Minister has done nothing to lift the veil. He will live to regret his failure to stimulate currents of public discussion by informative speeches on the major problems, before he fared forth for London, and to secure thereby some guide-posts for his course of policy. There has been the usual dose of sentimental inanities, and the Marquess Curzon has imparted the darkest secrets of the Foreign Office to the visitors. But pending the arrival of Mr. Bruce, of Australia, serious discussion of the vital issues has been impossible, and comment therefore is premature. However, the eyes of his countrymen are fixedly upon Mr. King, who is now performing on a wider stage than he has hitherto adorned. He sailed 'across the faem', as the old balladists say, armed with at least ten carefully prepared orations and attended by a train such as none of his predecessors ever mustered. What with secretaries—political, economic, and social—naval and military experts, commercial advisers, publicity agents, and that prince of travellers Mr. Duncan Marshall, the roster of his male entourage now exceeds a dozen. To each of these will assuredly be allotted some feminine acolyte, and I hear that there is also foregathering by invitation around our Premier a sort of unofficial court of unpaid attaches and their consorts.

Apparently to the Dominion archivist has been assigned the role of social secretary; and the selection seems appropriate, as an archivist has probably acquired, in the course of his calling, at least a nodding acquaintance with ancient ceremonial and etiquette. What more difficult and interesting duty could there be than to make the fateful decision with what fair Tory duchess Mr. King will lunch, and whether he will grace the tea table of an Asquithian or Lloyd-Georgian baroness? The Marquess Curzon, with his reminiscences of his Indian Viceroyalty and the Delhi Durbar, must find in our Premier a kindred spirit who has the same spacious ideas about the proper entourage for statesmen, sets his face against all miserable cheeseparing, and holds that the cheapest statesmen are not the best for democracies. But when the bills come in what a howl of protest there would be from the Tory benches—if Mr. Meighen's Minister of Militia had not spent at least eight thousand dollars on a short trip to Europe in 1921, and thereby set up a standard of expenditure which the prudent Liberals did not challenge.

In 1921, when Mr. Meighen was holding high converse with his Imperial compeers in London, a clear portent of his impending doom came to him in the result of the Medicine Hat by-election, and some political pundits now expect to see North Winnipeg send just such a grim forewarning to Mr. King. In 1921, the Solicitor-General, profiting by an internecine feud in the Labour camp, managed to carry the seat with 30 per cent. of the popular vote. Now, however, he is fighting for his political life against a Laborite, Alderman Heaps, who can reconcile all the Labour factions and enjoys an excellent record in civic politics. Moreover, being a Hebrew, he has strong claims upon the substantial Jewish vote in the riding, and it will require all the plausible eloquence of Mr. S. W. Jacobs, M.P., who has been summoned to the fray, to win it for the Solicitor-General. The latter regards as a great asset the Slavonic lineage of his consort, but it is a fact of grim significance that, in the city P.R. ward which coincides roughly with the Federal constituency, Mr. Heaps at the last two elections has had a huge majority of first preferences. His chances are therefore rated high,

but the ultimate event will depend upon the tactics of the Conservatives. Their leaders are torn between the desire of administering a body-blow to the Government by the defeat of the Solicitor-General and the fear of precipitating a general election before they are ready for it. Then, having decided upon the end which they desire to achieve, there will be a conflict of opinion about the means to achieve it. A Tory candidate would probably make a Labour victory inevitable, and, if Mr. McMurray is to be saved, it can only be by an active reinforcement of Tory votes on election day.

If Mr. McMurray is defeated, Mr. King will return to face a very difficult political situation. He cannot possibly find a seat for him in the West, and it will be highly dangerous to open any Ontario riding. Yet a Minister cannot be kept indefinitely without a seat, especially when Parliament is in session, and his resignation would be a humiliating confession of impotence. The moral effect throughout the country would be disastrous; no seat outside Quebec would be safe; and Mr. A. K. Maclean's hope of early transition to the Exchequer Court would recede indefinitely, for a further defeat in Halifax, whose electors have an ancient passion for the winning side, would be fatal. Moreover, the tenuous majority which has hitherto been available would have been wiped out, and every division next session would be a nerve-racking adventure. So I predict that, if the Solicitor-General is defeated, the Government will never recover its balance, but will go swiftly down hill till it plunges in despair into the maelstrom of a general election next summer or autumn. There will be a very stormy session at which much dirty linen will be washed, and a bitter quarrel over redistribution will ensue, and the Progressives, anxious to escape any contamination and partnership in the Government's guilt, will be found increasingly disposed to active hostility.

It would be rash to predict the outcome of a general election, but its possibilities are being freely contemplated. I understand that powerful politicians of Liberal inclinations, who are not numbered among the vassals of Mr. Mackenzie King, have been quietly taking counsel together and exploring the situation. Their calculation is that Mr. King's cohorts will be reduced by the next general election to the status of a racial group and they recognize that the Progressive Party, under its present leadership, is a very imperfect engine of democracy. Bears, squirrels, and other animals hibernate in winter, but Mr. Forke and his lieutenants reverse this habit, and to all appearances subside into a deep sleep in summer. Doubtless their farms are prospering under their care, but their political fortunes are waning, and when nomination day comes round they will find their followers in a very rude and critical temper. There have been some subterranean efforts made by younger Progressives like Mr. Hoey to arrange a national convention of the Progressive Party, but the bogey of the expense involved has always terrified Mr. Forke and his thrifty lieutenants. What the Progressive Party can do is to provide the rank and file of a renovated Liberalism, which might have to adopt some other title. If, however, they could command the political experience and platform ability of Messrs. Drury, Rowell, Macmaster, Dunning, and Crerar, and the support of newspapers like the *Manitoba Free Press* and the *Calgary Albertan*, they would soon be a very formidable factor and would be much more representative of liberal opinion than the faction which now controls the spoils of office at Ottawa. No definite steps at organization have been taken, but the basic aim is to pave the way for some political organization through which, when the rending of the tomb occurs, liberal opinion can find effective expression. At present,

matters are only in the *pourparler* stage, but influential personages are involved with serious purpose.

* * *

The Conservative Party, of course, have been much heartened by recent events, and their chieftains are beginning to fancy that they are basking once more in the sunshine of popular favour. But the party is still rent by a deep internal fissure and lacks the coherence necessary for the attainment and successful tenure of office. Lord Atholstan and his allies, among whom is to be numbered the Hon. Robert Rogers, have still their thumbs down for Mr. Meighen, and plot assiduously for his elimination. They cherish the dream of a great reinvigorated Tory party into which would be drawn what they are pleased to call 'the safe and sane elements of Liberalism.' For its leader they would take Sir Lomer Gouin, chiefly because he could throw Quebec seats into the pool, but the choice has obvious perils and the rage of the *Toronto Telegram* would be pitiable to see. Sir Thomas White has many ardent backers for the role, but, apart from his protest against Mr. King's arithmetic, he gives no sign of any revival of interest in politics. So the minds of the anti-Meighenite Tories often rove to that distinguished soldier, the Principal of McGill University, whose national fame, position of lofty detachment, and directorship of the Bank of Montreal, are rated three mighty assets. But when one recalls the unhappy political records of even greater soldiers, like the Duke of Wellington and General U. S. Grant, a certain scepticism must develop about Sir Arthur Currie's possibilities as a saviour for Conservatism. Soldiering and politics are two very different trades; in the first, orders can be given and the material available is well defined within limits; in the second, orders are resented and the imponderables are enormous. But Mr. Meighen will be hard to dispose of. He has the party ikons and a strong hold on the affections of the Tory rank and file, who like his keen combative ardour. Yet he lacks the dramatic sense; or he, and not Mr. Robert Rogers, would have escorted Lord Renfrew from the train at Winnipeg. Mr. Meighen thought it more profitable to expose the delinquencies of the King Cabinet to the voters of a minor prairie town.



THE CANADIAN FORUM is published monthly at 152 St. George Street, Toronto. All communications should be sent to this address. Contributions must be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. The author's name and address should be written on the MS.

Board of Editors:

E. H. BLAKE.	G. E. JACKSON.
BARKER FAIRLEY.	J. E. H. MACDONALD.
H. K. GORDON.	J. D. ROBINS.
S. H. HOOKE.	C. B. SISSONS.

Hungary's Relation to Czecho-Slovakia

HUNGARY is an almost exclusively agricultural state, whereas Czecho-Slovakia has the finest and most developed industry on the European continent. One should expect that these two neighbouring states, which thus have been made dependent upon each other by nature, would profit by exchanging each other's products and live together on the best mutual terms possible. But, to our surprise, they are still hostile, though five years have passed since the end of the World War. The chief reason of this unnatural attitude is to be looked for in the Treaty of Trianon, by which Czecho-Slovakia, Roumania, and Jugoslavia had taken so much territory from the late Kingdom of Hungary that the latter has dwindled down to a dwarf state scarcely capable of living. As those three victorious states have formed an alliance, called the 'Little Entente', the Hungarians hate the Czecho-Slovaks as the leaders of this alliance, which they believe to be directed against them. Whoever knows the national pride and self-consciousness of the Hungarian, can easily imagine what deep wounds have been struck into the soul of the whole Magyar nation by the Treaty of Trianon.

The Czecho-Slovaks, on the other hand, have already forgotten their former animosity towards Hungary. Since the issue of the World War has perfectly satisfied their national aspirations, they have now only one endeavour in mind, that is to strengthen and consolidate what they have obtained. To this purpose they created a cunning system of import and export prohibitions, and not content with that, they raised the protective tariffs to an incredible height. But by-and-by the Czecho-Slovaks realized that their commercial policy had proved an intolerable vexation not only for their neighbours, but also for themselves. Convinced of the injuriousness of the policy they had hitherto followed, and seeing that no state can exist quite by itself, the Czecho-Slovak government, at the beginning of this year, took the resolution to give up the tariff war and to slacken the blockade. It invited Hungary to enter into negotiations on the facilitation of mutual economic intercourse between the two neighbouring countries. Hungary accepted the invitation, well knowing that an economic agreement with her neighbour must bring her the greatest profit. The negotiations began very hopefully in Prague, but later on they became more and more dragging, till an unexpected incident parted the negotiators with empty hands. Towards the end of April a Czecho-Slovak frontier-guard was killed by Hungarian citizens on Czecho-Slovak territory, and the negotiations were instantly broken off. Prague asked for an explanation of the fatal incident, and demanded from the Hungarian Government satisfaction, and damages for the victim's family.

Budapest answered that, first of all, the facts of the unhappy incident had to be ascertained and proposed that the case should be inquired into by an impartial committee under the direction of a representative of France. As Czecho-Slovakia is connected in warm friendship with France, the Hungarian Government thought that this proposal would greatly oblige her. Nevertheless Prague rejected the Hungarian proposal and answered it by turning out many Hungarian subjects from Czecho-Slovak territory and by stopping all intercourse between the two countries until full satisfaction should be given.

In the meantime the Hungarian Government had resolved to take energetic measures to improve the country's financial condition, which was becoming worse and worse. The Ministers, being unable to restore financial order by their own efforts, made up their minds to go the same way of salvation as Austria had gone with so much success under similar circumstances. Premier Count Bethlen went to Paris, London, and Rome, described to the leading statesmen of the Entente Powers the precarious situation of the Hungarian finances, and asked them to help Hungary, as they had helped Austria, by suspending the general mortgages laid upon the Hungarian revenues, and by granting Hungary a large international loan, which would enable her to balance her budget within a measurable time. The Prague Government had realized the great advantages which would arise to Czecho-Slovakia from a financial recovery of Hungary and would have gladly supported Bethlen's mission but for the above mentioned incident on the frontier. Prague, therefore, resenting the Hungarian attitude in this affair, kept aloof, and Bethlen, not seconded by the Czecho-Slovak diplomacy, did not obtain a favourable hearing from the Great Entente.

This failure of Count Bethlen's could not but increase the ill-feeling between the two neighbours. The gazettes which were believed to give the opinion of the two governments tried to lay the blame of this unpleasant state of affairs each on the opposite side. The two nations reproached each other with two things, (1) that the negotiators were wanting in that sincerity which is the fundamental condition of a real understanding, (2) that the negotiations were not conducted in the sense of a truly realistic policy. Prague newspapers pretended that Hungary was following a stubborn policy of sentiment, continually disturbing the course of negotiations by political claims done with long before. Budapest dailies, on the other hand, wrote that the intentions of Hungary were entirely of a peaceful nature; that Hungary was anxious to follow everywhere a purely realistic policy, especially in economic matters; that she was even ready to make sacrifices in order to reach an agreement with the Czecho-Slovak republic, but that the latter was adopting a policy of prestige.

Which of the two is right? As seen from an impartial point of view, the affair seems to stand as follows. Official Hungary, that is the Hungarian government, with the Vice-Regent Admiral Horthy at its head, wishes sincerely to entertain really friendly feelings towards all neighbouring states. It wants to keep faithfully to the terms of the Treaty of Trianon; it has given up all Great-Hungarian dreams, and is ready to make the best of a bad bargain. In a word, it formulates a realistic policy, being led only by considerations of common sense. But it would be a great error to confound official Hungary with the Hungarian people. The latter regards the stipulations of the Treaty of Trianon as the greatest injustice that was ever inflicted on a people. The once flourishing kingdom is to-day, in the opinion of a true Magyar, a miserable ruin over which he thinks he has a right to weep. The grief at seeing his country crushed and shattered is too deeply seated in his soul, and the Budapest government is too weak to make the Hungarians change their minds. What wonder, then, that certain influential persons should now and then cross the plans of official Hungary? We need but remind our readers of the hard and bloody combats which Austria had to fight out with the numerous Hungarian corps of volunteers when she was going to take possession, in the summer of 1922, of the 'Country of Castles' (Burgenland), which had been irrevocably adjudged to her by the Treaties of St. Germain and Trianon.

As to the Prague Government, its policy does not seem to be quite free from considerations of prestige. A state which has been charged with the leadership of the Little Entente, whose relations to the Great Entente are comparatively untroubled, and which, above all, on account of its valid currency, is towering like a firm rock amidst the breaking sea of inflation, such a state cannot easily renounce a policy of prestige, even if its most vital interests seem to require it. But, on the whole, it appears that the two nations are beginning to be governed only by a policy of realities. In the last weeks the interrupted negotiations have been resumed, and the negotiators of the two neighbouring countries have signed an agreement on several financial matters requiring a preliminary arrangement according to the new order of political relationship that followed the World War. As soon as a truly realistic policy has got the upper-hand in both countries, they are sure to come also to more important economic and commercial agreements. Then the last misunderstandings between them will be removed, and friendly relations may set in, which can only be to the advantage of both states.

JOHN ELLINGER.

Vienna.

The Ancient Problem of Transportation

THE present situation which confronts the Western farmers in regard to freight rates and transportation is, in its fundamental aspects, simply the modern phase of a problem which has been continually recurring for at least one hundred and fifty years. Among the basic factors are, (1) a population dependent almost entirely on agriculture and producing a large exportable surplus, (2) the necessity of transporting products very bulky in proportion to their value to a distant market, (3) a greater or less dependence on imports whose smaller bulk does not provide a return freight proportionate to their value, (4) a heavy indebtedness to the more firmly established communities of the East because of a rapid capital investment for general development and especially for the improvement of transportation.

The problem on a very restricted scale may be said to have emerged in the Atlantic colonies even in the seventeenth century, when the clash of interests between frontier and sea-coast communities can be traced from New England to the Carolinas. In Virginia it was a major cause of that episode known as Bacon's Rebellion. During the eighteenth century, with the rapid development toward the Alleghanies, the cleavage became more pronounced. The research of recent years has proven that it was one of the most powerful forces behind the revolt against English rule. Patrick Henry, whose famous 'Give me liberty or give me death' continues to thrill the hearts of American school children, made his first appearance in the Virginia legislature as the champion of the West of his day against the political and economic control exercised by a comparatively small group of tide-water capitalists. It was only when this 'machine' had been smashed that a coincidence of circumstances turned the tremendous revolutionary energy of the frontier region into the struggle for American independence. Though the *dénouement* was not as clear cut or dramatic in other colonies, the historian has shown that similar forces had a tremendous influence. The fact that the Loyalists were almost entirely from the seaboard settlements is significant evidence.

It is in the period after 1783, however, that we see in rapid process of alignment a situation which affords striking analogies to Canadian development in the twentieth century. The movement across the very difficult natural barrier of the Alleghanies changed, from a trickle of hardy pioneers facing the hazards of wilderness travel and Indian attacks, into a torrent of migration. With the beginning of the nineteenth century thousands were annually making their way through the Cumberland Gap into the Bluegrass lands of Kentucky and Tennessee,

up the Hudson into Western New York, or over the divide to Pittsburg and the Ohio where they constructed barges and floated down the rivers to their new homes. The same years marked the establishment of Canada's new West by the settlement of the Loyalists and the creation of the upper province. The vast agricultural potentialities of the area from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi and from Tennessee to Upper Canada began to strike the imagination of that generation in a way familiar to us through the development of the prairie provinces. It was seen that the region was capable of supporting millions of people, and of producing a vast surplus of food-stuffs for export; but that the methods and routes for transporting these products constituted a problem of very great difficulty.

Rivalries quickly developed among various routes for this western trade. Roads were constructed from Virginia, Pennsylvania, and New York, and a system of passenger stages and wagon freighting was quickly built up, providing a much improved, though very expensive, transportation. But the two great routes were the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence. In spite of obstacles which to us would seem to make traffic almost impossible, large quantities of freight were floated down in barges, rafts, and flat boats. Often at New Orleans and Montreal these carriers were sold for the lumber in them, but sometimes they would be loaded with the imports needed in the upper country and warped or towed up stream for hundreds of miles. The round trip for men who floated from Cincinnati to New Orleans and then walked back consumed three or four months.

Notwithstanding these difficulties it was believed that the growth of western commerce had boundless possibilities. Jefferson predicted that New Orleans would become the greatest city on the continent, while no less sanguine predictions were made about the St. Lawrence route. Isaac Weld, an English traveller, after comparing Montreal, Washington, New York, and New Orleans as sea-ports for the western traffic, declared in 1796 that the St. Lawrence route was much superior to any other, and predicted that Montreal would rival in size the largest cities of America. British manufactures would, he believed, reach all the country tributary to the lakes through this channel since the cost of transport was less from Montreal than from New York, and since also they entered Canada duty free and could not be subjected over such a long and sparsely settled boundary line to the same exactions as were levied on British imports at the American seaboard. Richard Cartwright, one of the outstanding men in the early years of Upper Canada's development, put forward the same arguments, declaring that the St. Lawrence was the natural outlet for the Western settlements of both Canada

and the Ohio country, and that 'notwithstanding all the vapouring of our neighbors about the communication by the Mohawk river it can never be made equal to that by the St. Lawrence even in its present state'. Proper manipulation of the advantages of the St. Lawrence by Provincial and Imperial authorities would, he believed, tie up the commerce of all the American territory tributary to the lakes with British interests. For over forty years this policy seemed to have alluring possibilities, and was followed with varying degrees of consistency until it finally was swept away with the repeal of the Corn Laws and the collapse of the colonial preferential system.

Before the war of 1812 the St. Lawrence attracted the greater part of the trade of the territory tributary to the lakes, while the Mississippi took most of the traffic from the remainder of the West. After 1816, however, a new era opened with the coming of the steamboat and the building of canals. Through the enterprise of the state of New York the Erie Canal was completed in 1825 with a four foot channel suitable for barges. The advantages of the new facilities were hailed with the keenest anticipation. One horse it was pointed out could draw as much on a canal as sixty on a road. Undoubtedly the Erie Canal brought a revolution in the internal trade of the continent. Much of the traffic which had gone down the Mississippi was diverted to New York, while the trade of Upper Canada began to go the same way rather than to Montreal. Upper Canada occupied much the same economic position as the prairie provinces to-day. It relied on a staple export subject to heavy transportation charges and was a debtor for British capital invested. It felt that prosperity was largely dependent on the reduction of carrying charges coupled with a preference for Canadian products in the British Isles. A perusal, for example, of the speeches of Mr. Marryat in the British House during the discussions of the Canada Trade Bill of 1822 will reveal striking analogies to the situation one hundred years later.

Under the stimulus of commercial and military motives and urged on by the striking success of New York, Canada embarked on that remarkable program of canal building which is an outstanding feature of our history. The projects at first were not co-ordinated. The Rideau Canal was built in the early thirties for military purposes by the Imperial Government. The Welland Canal was undertaken by private enterprise and, in the late '30's, was taken over by the provincial legislature. The conviction grew that a unified system which would provide a ship channel from the ocean to the upper lakes would restore the St. Lawrence route to its pre-eminence and give the west the cheaper transportation which it needed. The Erie Canal though hopelessly inadequate was crowded with traffic, while the

natural advantages of the St. Lawrence were superior in every respect except that New York was an ice-free harbor. When Lord Durham came to Canada special instruction was given by the colonial secretary that a complete report on the inland navigation of the Canadas should be made.

The report recommended the construction of a nine foot channel from the ocean to the lakes and pictured in glowing colors the inevitable results of this deepening of the St. Lawrence which would enable ocean-going vessels to load at such ports as Cleveland and Chicago. The arguments were certainly calculated to stir the imagination. A large loan was negotiated with the assistance of the British Government and work was commenced in the early 'forties. At the same time, in 1843, the preference on Canadian wheat in the British Isles was greatly increased, and as American wheat imported into Canada could be exported as if it were of Canadian origin, a fillip was given to the St. Lawrence traffic. The period of artificial stimulation was brief. With the Corn Law changes in 1846 the system of colonial preferences came crashing down around the ears of the dismayed farmers and commercial interests of Canada. The first ships travelled through the nine foot channel of the new canals in 1848 and 1849, but this really monumental work of Canadian enterprise failed to realize the rosy anticipations of its projectors because the conditions out of which the plan had arisen were now greatly changed. The 'forties, too, saw railroad transportation established beyond the experimental stage and many believed that canals would be replaced for freight traffic just as they had replaced the wagon roads a generation before. With the 'fifties Canada too began its railroad program.

Upper Canada as we have seen was 'the West' of those days, but it is interesting and perhaps instructive to note that its economic problem was not solved wholly by the improvement of transportation. The problem itself was changed when industry developed, when occupations were diversified, and when agriculture ceased to depend so much on a staple product.

History repeats itself with interesting variations. Ontario is now a part of 'the East'. The West is no longer bounded by the Mississippi and the Great Lakes. The prairie land with its railroads and tractors has been settled under conditions apparently very different from those of a century ago, but essentially its problems are the same as those of the West of that day. Its prosperity, it is firmly convinced, is largely affected by its access to the sea. The Pacific, Hudson Bay, and the St. Lawrence each offers its attractions. Undoubtedly the twentieth century West will solve its problem in part by a diversification of interests as the former West did, but in the meantime the utilization and improve-

ment of alternative routes and the lowering of rates is a pressing need. Such aspects of the case as British Columbia's protest against discriminating freight rates are of the greatest importance and should be settled only with full consideration of all the factors involved. The problem is not a simple one, but it is safe to say that all the routes have their proper place in the ultimate development, and while it may not be clear to what extent traffic should be encouraged to flow along this or that channel, local or narrow considerations must in the long run give way before the pressure of wider interests.

G. W. BROWN.

The Liquor Plebiscite in Alberta

1923 seems to be the open season for pronouncements on the liquor question. Manitoba adopted Government Control and, less than a month later, defeated a Beer and Wine proposal; in the Ontario elections the *New York World* at least sees the victory of a Government which promises a popular referendum on the continuance of Prohibition; while on November 5th, the electorate of Alberta will decide the future form of liquor administration in that province. This last campaign of the year is especially interesting in view of the conflicting results in Manitoba—a province in which the character and distribution of population resembles that of Alberta. Government Control is, moreover, one of the proposals on the Alberta referendum, but it is a form of Government Control which, unlike that carried in Manitoba, in addition to the Government sale of all liquors for consumption in private residences, provides for the Consumption of Beer in Licensed Premises.

The inclusion of this clause complicates the calculation of prophets. For if Manitoba pronounced decisively in favour of Government Control and sale of liquor for consumption in private residences, it was no less decisively opposed to the sale of beer and wine in licensed premises. This apparent change of front might be interpreted by the 'Drys' as a hopeful omen for Alberta, but it may well be the case that the people of Manitoba had not changed their minds at all between June and July: they were still determined to give Government Control a trial, but had no desire to see any form of the bar restored. Whatever solution is accepted, if the results in Manitoba are of any significance in Alberta, the combination of the Consumption of Beer in Licensed Premises with Government Control adds uncertainty to prophecies about the issue. But other factors are also at work, and to understand these a *résumé* of the events leading up to the present referendum is necessary.

In Alberta, Prohibition came as a natural re-

action to the license of the days when the saloon was the vivid and disreputable stage for the cow-puncher and the remittance man. The province was 'wide open'—an experiment in Local Option having lapsed—the 'treating evil' was virulent, and, with the increase in population, an 'abolish the bar' movement gathered force. In July, 1914, this reached its climax. A referendum wiped out the bar.

The prohibition bill that then became law would, however, scarcely recognize its descendant of to-day. The former, while abolishing the saloon, permitted anyone to keep liquor in his dwelling and to replenish depleted stocks by importation. But the Federal war measure and amendments to the provincial statutes removed these qualifications, and in 1920 the result of another referendum made these changes permanent. Alberta, save for the liquor sold for medicinal purposes, became, in theory, bone-dry.

But the liquor problem has not been solved. As in other provinces it was found that to legislate for Prohibition was one thing, to enforce it, another. The Attorney-Generals have doubtless done their best. The present holder of the office, Mr. Brownlee, is an ardent Prohibitionist, and he has at his command a greatly augmented provincial police force. Yet the bootlegger has waxed fat. The principal reason for this lies perhaps, as in other provinces and in the United States, in the indifference of the great mass of the citizens. Whatever be the reason, the suppression of the liquor trade has not 'caught on' with the average Albertan in the same degree as, for example, the suppression of stealing. A large minority is actively hostile. In addition, prohibition enforcement faces one or two special difficulties in Alberta. British Columbia with its Government Control system and its stock of liquor is conveniently near; the American border is an imaginary line and not, as in Ontario, a natural barrier; and, in some districts every farm-house is a potential and often an operating distillery. Many a mortgage has been washed away by moonshine. In some cases even, according to teachers, the pupil in foreign districts brings his home-brew to school with him. For this attitude the foreigner must not be unduly blamed. In common with many settlers of British origin he fails to see any justification for Prohibition, and in the lean years the profits of bootlegging are tempting to men whose crops have failed. Last year it is thought that only ten per cent. of the liquor consumed in Alberta was sold by the Government.

Out of the dissatisfaction that has been fostered by difficulties and failures in enforcement, two anti-Prohibition petitions have emerged. Both were based on the Direct Legislation Act which provides that any petition in due order must be submitted to a referendum—a provision that had already been invoked by the 'Drys' for the plebiscites that re-

sulted in Prohibition. The first of these 'Wet' petitions was presented in 1921. It had some 70,000 names attached and asked for a vote on Government Control, but on technical grounds it was inadmissible. The second came before the House in the session just past. Like the Beer and Wine proposal recently defeated in Manitoba, it was backed by the Hotelmen's Association. The Alberta petition requested a referendum on an attached 'Temperance Act' which called for the sale of beer in licensed hotels and other premises. In the Legislature the petition proved a troublesome and unpopular infant. All parties were afraid of alienating either 'Wet' or 'Dry' support by accepting or rejecting it. Finally, the Government appointed a non-partisan committee, including Mrs. Nellie McClung and Captain 'Bob' Pearson to report on the regularity of the petition. The Prohibitionists promptly appointed a committee of women to check up the names and addresses and to report any irregularities to the Parliamentary Committee. Some errors were found, but the ten boxes of documents contained so many names and represented so many constituencies that, even with some irregularities admitted, the requirements of the Direct Legislation Act were more than fulfilled. The Committee could do nothing but report the petition in due order.

The Cabinet was now in a quandary, for the Farmer's Party—as well as the province in general—was divided on the best policy to follow. Some wished to adhere strictly to the provisions of the Direct Legislation Act and to submit to a referendum only the 'Temperance Act' calling for the sale of beer asked for in the petition. Others pointed to the expense of the referendum, mentioned the possibility of another petition next session asking for some other change in the liquor administration, and urged that all suggested solutions of the liquor problem be placed before the electorate at the same time. A minority, influenced, perhaps, by the bad financial situation of the province, argued that the petition should be thrown out, the Direct Legislation Act repealed, and Government Control as in British Columbia be put into force at once without a referendum.

Caucus after caucus brought no unanimous decision. Finally the Premier brought three non-partisan resolutions before the House. The first was that the 'Temperance Act' attached to the petitions should be submitted 'to the people in accordance with the provisions of the Direct Legislation Act'; the second, that it was 'desirable that alternate questions based on other forms of liquor legislation should be submitted by plebiscite at the same time as the referendum on the proposed Temperance Act'; the third, that a non-partisan committee be appointed by the Premier 'to recommend to this assembly alternative questions to be submitted to the electors'.

All these resolutions carried, although the Government was strongly criticized by the Liberals for its lack of policy and the Liberal nominee refused to act on the committee. The other members of the committee after a strenuous session, presented a ballot with four questions on it as follows:

(a) PROHIBITION—

Meaning thereby, a continuance and development of the present Liquor Legislation; that is, meaning the abolition of the Sale of all Liquors excepting for strictly medicinal, sacramental, manufacturing and scientific purposes.

(b) LICENSED SALE OF BEER—

Meaning thereby, the Sale of Beer in Licensed Hotels and other premises, as provided in the proposed Temperance Act.

(c) GOVERNMENT SALE OF BEER—

Meaning thereby, the Sale of Beer by or through Government Vendors for consumption in private residences under Government Control and Regulation—other Liquors to be sold through Doctor's prescription for medicinal purposes.

(d) GOVERNMENT SALE OF ALL LIQUORS—

Meaning thereby, the Sale of all Liquors by or through Government Vendors.—Beer to be consumed on Licensed Premises and in private residences. Wines and Spirits to be purchased in limited quantities under permit issued by the Government, under Government Control and Regulation.

This ballot seemed defective to many. Question C, which, it is understood, was pressed on the committee by Labour representatives who thought that, even if questions B and D were defeated, this alternative might carry and give the workingman his beer, appeared unnecessary. Again, the inclusion in question D of the clause allowing the consumption of beer on licensed premises was entirely unexpected. As has been pointed out, it obscures the straight issue between Prohibition and Government Control, as adopted in British Columbia and Manitoba. Those in favour of Government Control, but who are opposed to the restoration of the bar in any form, will be placed in a quandary. Furthermore, the form of ballot presented necessitated a revision of the Direct Legislation Act.

As a result, the report of the committee was strongly criticized. The Premier and the Attorney-General both proposed changes, but after the extraordinarily long session the Farmers were anxious to get home for the seeding. No suggestions were received, the Direct Legislation Act was revised, and the ballot goes to the country as drafted by the committee. In voting, the single transferable vote is to be used. By this method each of the four questions on the ballot has equal ranking, and each voter must mark his ballot 1, 2, 3, 4, in order of preference.

As in Manitoba, a heavy poll may be expected.

As far back as the Calgary bye-election last Christmas, public interest in the liquor question was very evident. At nearly every meeting the candidates were interrogated as to their attitude, and the successful candidate's declaration that, although a Prohibitionist, he advocated a referendum containing all possible alternatives seemed to be received with favour. This interest was sustained by the fight centering around the petition and the proposed ballot. Even before the Legislature came to a decision a public debate on the Liquor question was held in Calgary, with Dr. Michael Clarke and a preacher from Saskatchewan as the protagonists. At present both sides are waging a strenuous campaign.

But whether Alberta will join in what the *New York World* calls 'Canada's fast spreading abandonment of prohibition' is, of course, uncertain. Before the confusion of issues brought about by the drafting of question D, the conversation of the more or less independent electors—some of whom had voted for Prohibition at the last election—seemed to indicate a swing towards Government Control. Various reasons might be alleged for this. For one thing the failure of Prohibition to live up to its advance notices has alienated some people. This is, of course, unreasonable. The right solution of the liquor question cannot be expected to cure all the evils to which humanity is heir. Allied to these again, is a section who claim that Prohibition has gone too fast and too far; that all that public opinion was prepared for was the abolition of the bar, the object of the original referendum. From this, they claim, springs the difficulty of enforcing Prohibition, the evils of bootlegging, and the spread of the dope traffic. A reaction, they assert, is both necessary and natural. Finally, a considerable group appear to believe that Prohibition is too sentimental a luxury for Alberta, and that Government Control alone can solve the financial problems of the province. They point to British Columbia and Quebec to prove their statements.

On the other hand, in spite of the influences making against Prohibition, the 'Drys' have room for hope. Church sentiment is strong and the out-and-out Prohibitionist is sure to find backing among many who, although not teetotalers, feel vaguely that any loosening of the liquor regulations would be a retrograde step. The women's vote, too, would probably be on their side, and even among 'Moderationists', there seem to be many who might oppose Government Control because of the inclusion of the 'consumption of beer in licensed premises' in question D.

Still, it is idle to ignore the fact that many of the causes which led to a 'wet' victory in Manitoba are, in all probability, operating in Alberta. Some of them have been mentioned above, but to all of these must be added 'hard times', which, apparently,

is one of the greatest factors in making electors impatient with the established order of things. Prohibition will have a difficult and may have a losing battle before it in Alberta.

THOMPSON-HARDY.

Correspondence

THE CANADIAN FORUM *had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Conciseness, point, and good nature must be asked of correspondents, who should confine themselves to 800 words. The Editors are not responsible for matter printed in this column.*

The Saving of Religion

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

In his letter in the July issue of THE CANADIAN FORUM, Mr. Moore asserts that the soul requires a personal God with whom we may commune, to whom we may pray, and whom we may love. But does communion with God contain any worthy meaning beyond communion with the Ideal, the renewed opening of our hearts and minds to goodness and truth? As to prayer for forgiveness of sin, if we realized more vividly that in a very true sense sin is never forgiven, might we not be more strongly impelled to sin no more? And if we are anxious to love somebody, I would suggest our fellow man as an appropriate object. Jesus, at any rate, made the love of man the main thing and was very emphatic and reiterative about it. Love of God, apart from love of our neighbor, is delusion; love of our neighbor *is* love of God—a hard saying, no doubt; to the Jews a stumbling-block and to the Greeks foolishness.

Again, we are told that a personal God affords a necessary sanction for the moral law. This is true only for man at the sub-moral stage. Historically, man partly blundered into moral territory, and partly discovered it in a more rational manner under the guidance of this or that ethical Columbus. The moral law was revealed to man as much as language, the wheel, the sail, and the use of fire were revealed, and not a jot more. Philosophically, the only true moral sanction consists in the fact that right is right. No external sanction can be a *moral* sanction. The moral law is our law. Righteousness is life, not a ticket to life. The Devil is an ass. Autocracy is out of date in the moral world as in the political world and must give way to democracy and self-government. And to say that the Ideal has no momentum unless actualized outside of humanity is to miss the fundamental nature of the Ideal.

And then we come to the 'crux of the whole matter', and learn with astonishment that the great thing to be concerned about is, not the saving of Religion in its broadest sense, nor of the religion of Jesus, if we could come at it, but of historic Christianity with a theory of a triune personal God as its essential content. One hesitates, but does this imply that the truth or falsity of this theory is immaterial, and that it is the whole duty of man to forward it, 'all out', whether it is contradicted by the universe or not?

But Mr. Moore might say that historic Christianity and the religion of Jesus are the same. 'It was reflection on His life and character that gave rise to the Trinitarian doctrine'. I can attach no meaning to this. What have goodness, meek-

ness, love, purity, to do with triplicity? The writer must have meant 'reflection on certain of His words', and that the doctrine was inferred from His references to the Father, to Himself, and to the Pneuma or Influence. This is no place to discuss the matter at length, and I will merely say that though the Great Teacher strove to make clear both what He meant and did not mean by sonship, the Church rejected and still rejects His teaching on that point; and when He spoke of that vital reality, the Pneuma, the Church could do nothing with it without turning it (I mean no irreverence unless, perhaps, towards the Church) into a 'Ghost'. ('Why do ye not understand my speech? Even because ye cannot hear my word.') The words of the Evangelists afford a basis for Trinitarianism; the words of Jesus do not.

I am sorry to learn that the Church, if Mr. Moore is right, can have no Christ but the Christ of the theologians, irrespective, apparently, of whether this is the Christ to heal a troubled world and raise mankind nearer to the Divine; and I think there are many earnest people who cannot accept 'the continuance of devotions in His name' as the end of ends. If the Master were on earth to-day, the repetition of 'Lord, Lord' would draw from Him nothing but rebuke, as it did 1900 years ago.

Yours, etc.,

J. DUFF.

Sidney, B.C.

A Modern Lay Apologia

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

Professor Hooke's 'Apologia', in your August number, makes a suitable conclusion to the discussion that has been going on in this journal for some time, which may be summarized as being about authority in religion.

As all authority rests ultimately on the bible, it is really the authority of the bible that is in question; and we may as well recognize that this is the whole question in religion.

To have what modern thought calls a conception of God is futile. How can we know whether there is any reality behind the conception. If we hope there is, and that we have conceived the truth concerning it, how can we be sure that it is the whole truth and the final truth? Professor Hooke has, in his last sentence, touched this hopeless conclusion; saying, in effect, that if we build of ourselves (whether or not we pull down another structure to build our own) we cannot tell whether someone who comes later will not pull down what we have built or improve it out of existence.

We can hardly call such purely mental processes religion. Philosophy would be a better term. The position is in fact none other than that of the Greeks.

Religion depends on Faith—which is, however, not the man of straw at which superficial writers love to tilt. Faith is popularly supposed to be a process of swallowing down something one does not really believe. In reality it merely means belief in something outside of ourselves. And that is the basis of anything that may be called religion. The Christian faith therefore does not deal with conceptions of God in our minds, but with God himself; a Personality outside of us, of whose being, character, and purpose, we learn in the bible, and, I think it may be truly said, in no other way. Men may find in their own lives evidence of God's existence, but to know more definitely what he is like they must go to the bible, which has real signs of being the vehicle by which God has revealed himself to the world.

It has been the fashion recently to speak of this revelation as having been made through the minds of the Jews, who were, as a nation, peculiarly gifted to receive it. There is not an

atom of evidence that the Jews in general were more inclined to spiritual perception than they are now; nor can their spiritually minded prophets be said to have added anything to their knowledge of God. That knowledge came to the people, in various ways, from events which happened outside of themselves. That they became acquainted with God in that way, and not by way of their own thoughts, is inextricably woven into their literature as a fact of their history, and no textual criticism can get it out.

Textual criticism has long been busy with Homer; but what does it matter to anyone who only wants to know what he has to tell! No one can account for Homer. The date of the poems is obscure, and all theories of their origin are equally incredible. The text (if memory serves) is rotten. Has the content any the less value? The heroes are just as noble, their different combats are as rich in detail and as distinct, and their genealogies as impossible to remember. Whatever Homer has given to the world is undisturbed by criticism; and it is the same with the bible; the content remains.

What is the content of the bible? Briefly, it is a narrative of the growth of God's chosen people; of how and why he chose them, and how he dealt with them; and it is in the account of his dealings with them that we get to know God. There is a wonderful array of characters in the story, and we know them as we know no other characters; but all are subordinate to the character of Jehovah himself which is to be discerned behind them, manifested in his dealings with them, in his messages to them, and in his ordinances.

It is of the very essence of the bible literature that these manifestations of Jehovah's personality were regarded as fact. Stephen himself, the protomartyr upon whom, because he proclaimed the end of the Law, Professor Hooke rests as an example of destructiveness, did not destroy this. In his speech before the Council which condemned him, he gave a summary of the history of his people in which the doings of men and the interventions of God are inseparably combined to make the story.

There evidently is reality behind the bible narrative; a reality of which no criticism can dispossess it. And the personality of Jehovah, which penetrates events throughout, is a reality among the other realities; not vague or confused, but distinct, and excelling human conception.

I beg to suggest, then, that the knowledge of God, that so many people are reaching after now-a-days, is to be found by reading the bible narrative; not books about it, but the narrative itself.

Yours, etc.,

London.

W. A. LANGTON.

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

Cannot Mr. Hooke take us a little further? Most *Apologiae* have also been in some measure *Confessiones Fidei*, and it is just in this respect that he disappoints us. He may decline to use the word 'Creed' because of its associations, but he must have a *Fides* in the form of leading ideas that guide his thoughts and progress. Evidently he does not want us to wander aimlessly in the open. He suggests that there will be a new building—not, he fears, permanent, but at least useful while it lasts. If we keep the metaphor of a building, is it unreasonable to ask for some idea of the plan?

Stephen after all did not simply question the old traditions. If he had, he might have safely been let alone. We may not fully understand all the details of his Christology, but he became a martyr—a witness—because he had some definite and new ideas.

Yours, etc.,

Toronto.

G. O. SMITH.

John Morley

THOUGH it was only yesterday that John Morley died, already he seems to belong to the ages—to have died long ago. It is not alone the immeasurable distance betwixt life and death that Lamb noted. With Morley an age seems to have been concluded; a chapter in England's story has closed. 'But one such death remains to come.' Thomas Hardy, two years his junior, is now the sole living representative of the great Victorians.

It is strange to reflect how long a period of our history is covered by Lord Morley's life-time. When he was born, Queen Victoria had been on the throne only a year: as a boy he saw the Duke of Wellington, who had been born in the same year as Napoleon. When he graduated from Oxford, Darwin had not published his *Origin of Species*, nor had Abraham Lincoln been thought of as a President of the United States. For many years John Stuart Mill was his most intimate friend.

No eminent Victorian of them all enjoyed so wide a range of friendship or intimacy with his distinguished contemporaries as did Lord Morley. He had a genius for friendship, and he delighted in the society of those whose convictions on many subjects differed widely from his own. As a distinguished man of letters and student of literature and history, he came into touch with almost all the better known literary men of his day, and his editorship of the *Fortnightly* and the *English Men of Letters* series of biographies gave him unusual opportunities of personal contact. He entered Parliament in 1883, and it would probably be true to say that from that time on no British statesman has been more respected by political friends and foes alike. His profound acquaintance with history, his absolute rectitude, his administrative capacity, and his worldly wisdom brought him the warm friendship of Gladstone and his Liberal colleagues, but in almost equal measure that of Lord Minto and Lord Balfour. The list of his friends would omit no name of prominence among the poets, men of letters, scientists, philosophers, and statesmen of the last half of the nineteenth century. Of his Continental friends, Victor Hugo and Renan, Cavour and Mazzini are only some of the more famous.

It is impossible to think of Morley as Radical or Conservative. Like Milton and Burke and Wordsworth he was both. In him the elements were so mixed that he had a passion for viewing the truth from all sides; instinctively he turned away from partisanship. Accordingly he often perplexed both friends and opponents alike when he found their rule-of-thumb standards inadequate for determining his course. The recognized leader of the Radical wing in Gladstone's Government, he sacrificed his

seat in parliament rather than agree to the more advanced demands of his Labour constituency. He was an agnostic who hated sweeping denunciations of religion, admired Roman Catholic nuns, and was suspicious of those who lack piety in some sense of the word. He was an internationalist who declared that lack of patriotism argued impoverished blood. He was an anti-Imperialist whose pride in Britain was everywhere in evidence. He was a most unpromising exponent of democracy, and the warm friend and admirer of Edward VII and Andrew Carnegie.

A career like Morley's leaves one meditating anew on the qualities which go to make up successful political leadership. Perhaps there has never been a more successful Secretary for Ireland or for India; where he failed to solve age-old problems he at least pointed out the path of progress, and his administrations have been abundantly vindicated by events. But it could not be maintained that he was a great leader of men in the mass. He lacked the art of ingratiating himself with the multitude, and he had defined too clearly in his own mind the possible limits of political compromise. He lacked the warmth and superficial ardour of the facile politician, and he scorned to appeal to the emotions of men where his own feelings were not deeply stirred. His constituents, and perhaps indeed the majority of his countrymen, found in him a certain austerity and detachment which chilled their enthusiasm. He seemed to them to dwell too continuously on the heights; they could have forgiven some lapse in principle more easily than the failure whole-heartedly to share their prejudices. But the matter is not so simple as this. The great leader of men, like great poetry, must appeal primarily to the emotions, and that not by descending to baseness of thought, but through nobility of thought. The power to kindle, to touch the imagination of the masses was not Lord Morley's; he made his appeal to the head rather than to the heart. His friends found him warm-hearted, genial, sympathetic, and it is surprising to notice how often they turned to him when they were in distress, but the general public found him cold.

It is to the smaller audience of students of history and literature that Morley makes effective appeal, and it is for his imposing list of historical essays and biographical studies that he will be chiefly remembered. Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, and many others of those whose writings preceded the outbreak of the French Revolution, as well as many of those who took the chief parts in the years immediately following the outbreak, lived, for English readers, primarily in the pages of Morley. We have no space here to examine the principles nor the methods by which he judges men and events. Two or three sentences from his great study of Burke

may be applied word for word to their author, and suggest in brief form the spirit of his political writings:

The reader is speedily conscious of the precedence in Burke of the facts of morality and conduct, of the many interwoven affinities of human affection and historical relation, over the unreal necessities of abstract logic. Burke's mind was full of the matter of great truths copiously enriched from the fountains of generous and many-coloured feeling. He thought about life as a whole with all its infirmities and all its pomps. With none of the mental exclusiveness of the moralist by profession he fills every page with solemn reference and meaning; with none of the mechanical bustle of the common politician, he is everywhere conscious of the mastery of laws, institutions, and government over the character and happiness of men.

In Morley, too, we are always conscious of the facts of morality and conduct. The worship of strength and the tendency to justify the strong man by giving political application to the law of the survival of the fittest left him unmoved; for him there was a law for things and a law for man. But to attempt to analyse the wisdom of Morley in a nutshell is absurd. A great light has gone out in our midst—in a day when there are few to teach us to walk without stumbling. His name is added to the roll of the noble dead, the memory of whose achievements is England's chiefest glory, and perhaps, too, her chiefest strength in facing a troubled future.

M. W. WALLACE.

Anne Pedersdotter

Based on John Masefield's version of The Witch, by Wiers Janssen.

Master Absalon, a Priest. Martin, his son by a former marriage. Anne Pedersdotter, his wife. Marete Beyer, his mother.

Marete Beyer:

To him your eyes,
Anne Pedersdotter,
Are twilit skies,
Or grey seawater;
Within these wells
Lie lover's spells
To wake to charmed laughter.

To him your face,
A garden place,
Is pale as April dawn;
It tenders there one blossom rare
(The crimson budding of your mouth)
Against the morning wan.

I see your eyes,
Anne Pedersdotter,
O shadowed eyes!
They're more than wise;
Nor sky, nor water,
Could be so still,
Foreboding ill.

No simple maiden sighs, or smiling,
But something far more soft, beguiling,
Like haunted laughter in strange places,
And wisdom that is witchery!
I fear you, pale Anne Pedersdotter.

You are too quiet about the house,
And here, too swift,
And there, too slow;
You seldom speak,
But when you speak
Your voice is far too low—
As if unspoken, nameless things
Had weighed it down
And clipped its wings.

He thinks your silences are golden
As those in heaven ere music swell.
I know them for the damned plottings
Of black and gaping hell!
O, witching eyes
And April face,
O, charmed voice
And garden grace,
Beat, beat your wings on bars of fate
That wed you to an older mate.

God's holy priest! And you the one
To cast your spell upon his son.
A priest! Can highest heaven forgive
My soul, for letting such sin live—
Aye! live and thrive!
Though I am old
I am not blind;
I see the look
He scarce divined,
The smile, the touching of the hand,
A thousand things to understand,
That like the new-moon in the lane
Wake fever in a young-man's brain.

I know you, Anne,
And all your clan.
Your mother should have burned at stake.
It had been done,
Except for one—
And now you have bewitched his son,
Anne Pedersdotter!

Like Lilith, passionate,
 Yet not human,
 You're half a witch,
 And half a woman;
 And he who bought you saw not duty
 Because you blinded him with beauty.
 Even such a spell did Lilith weave
 In Eden ere the gift of Eve;
 He knows you for your beauty's sake,
 I know you Lilith, the cursèd snake.

You say you do not wish him ill.
 He took you, too, against your will.
 Not ill? No? Do you wish him well?
 Oh! in your face 'tis plain to tell
 As if you cried it from the hill.
 No! No! You do not wish him ill,
 But in your face
 I've often read,
 I know it, Anne,
 You wish him dead!

Dead, dead! Call it from the hill.
 The very housetop, if you will,
 Rather than think on it, for oh,
 To will a thing's to have it so,
 And thoughts like yours can kill!

In the Cathedral where Absalon lies dead.
 Anne:

Absalon! Master Absalon!
 How still you lie,
 How still and cold.
 You'll understand, I cannot grieve,
 For I am young;
 And you! You're old;
 So old. But Oh!—

I didn't kill you, Absalon, though;
 I didn't, didn't kill you! No!
 I only thought if it were so!—
 If you were dead, and he and I
 Were far away where no one knew,
 Beneath some other sky.

Did he move?
 Oh God! I'm mad,
 Absalon! Listen, Oh you must!
 There's but a moment left,
 And I—I've no one now to trust.
 I didn't kill you!
 I'm not bad;
 I'm only young,
 And mad—and glad!
 You did it! You!
 You killed yourself!
 Talking of powers that Mother had!

You must believe, I speak the truth,
 You who have robbed me of my youth!
 Five years of it.—What have I said?
 He cannot hear! Why, he is dead—
 The dead we need not fear.
 For they are silent. They are meek,
 As if with God they kept some vow.
 But Oh! Marete mustn't speak!
 And Martin musn't fail me now.

Anne is called to prove her innocence by the test of touching the dead.

The test? O yes!
 I'll stand the test.
 I'll touch the dead
 If that were best
 To prove me natural
 Like the rest.
 To save me from the market-place
 I'd sell my soul and kiss his face!
 Though I did burn for it in hell
 Ten million years—Why, that were well
 Rather than die, denounced, a witch!
 Rather than burn in market-place
 And watch the hell in Martin's face.

Why, that's the tolling of the bell.
 Now I step forward.—Now, now,
 Now, I stretch my hand;
 My head I bow,
 And—touch him

.....
 Absalon—I vow,
 I did—did! Oh! you know I did!
 You knew it then. 'Twas never hid.
 Yes, I bewitched your son! and too,
 With devil's witchcraft I killed you!

So Absalon, you've your revenge.
 They know it now.
 And I? Why, I?
 I've no one, none,
 To help me die!
 Martin?——
 No, never! Never!
 Anne Pedersdotter,
 Anne, the witch,
 Must burn alone, alone,
 In hell, forever!

JOSEPHINE BARRINGTON.

The Strawstack

HE had walked ten hours before he came to it. Usually he did not walk so many hours in one stretch. He was able to wander far enough, he had found, walking three or four of a day, when he went at all. In the years since he had left the place, far enough.

He could not understand fully yet what brought him back now. All the years which might have done so had failed. His first homesickness had been a sandbar only from which he soon floated away not free, and distantly.

The place was the same, with the sorrowful sameness he found in the chances of life, in its monotonous recurrence, unescapable; the horrible rise and sinking of the sun, moons. And tiny beyond his toughened expectation. Only a few minutes' walking, the passing of a few sombre reflections which did not save themselves from the monotony, was the meaning of that lane to the back of the farm which had appeared so unending to the boy going back in the dark for the cattle after the day in the harvest-field.

The trees were shrunken, grizzled, and unkempt, stood vagabonds, in an air of desperately-attempted sturdy carelessness. The fields, worse; tiny closed places, which his unthinking toil had made into sky-seeking deserts of plowed land or unfathomable mazes of corn.

As he looked the wind shook dirty stubble that was a great brush waiting for the fur of some monstrous wallowing animal; shook weeds by the fence-corner, which, brittle, he marvelled did not shatter—who had broken them with difficulty in childish hands and, stripping leaves and branches, used them for goads to drive the beasts.

The tiny-ness of everything large in his memory drew a terror about him which, too searching, he could not try to understand. He had not known his memory demanded so much from the place, had created so much of it.

Through the fields he came from the road caved with woods at the back of the farm, seeing little and experiencing a sadness which crushed him closer and closer and made him wonder, when if the pain had been physical he should have cried out, why he could have thought to find surcease here, and why his mind had not shied back from the contemplation of return, knowing its own danger.

The sun had set when he came forth from the woods, and the incomparable quiet was there which comes before the moon rises or the greater dark begins. He found himself asking, 'I wonder if there will be a moon to-night', before his memory told him of last night's dark as he tramped the endless bald road.

Dark splotches in one little field were peacefully still, and the cool munching of cows had something obscene about it, like the ravening of wolves at the finding of a dead hunter: the field, dead, was not the less silently complaining, he saw.

He came nearer, and they woofed and scampered leadenly away, turning about to face him at a distance. He went on without seeing them.

The wind lifted again, and he stopped with a jerk which drew his head back, stiffened as before a brink. His face was compressed in a colour of terror which made his unshaven features frightful. Then he stepped on again after an instant, with limp strides as before. It was only a few days, one day ago, that he began to hear a soft crackling, a tearing in one side of his brain answering to the tenseness of his moods. And still it was hard to forget, to remember the tiny flapping of the ripped silk band about his felt hat.

It was the house which shocked his numbness most, which filled him with a sorrowful terror of all new revelations he should have learned before, if this was yet the place of all his furbished memories. It was so ugly, with its tatter of clapboards and peeled paint, two boards torn off at the ground, showing black underneath. Veranda posts hung baseless, steps were not there. One ridge of the roof as he looked at it against the red sky was bent, the spine of some old animal worn down with burdens.

He had gone nearly all the way around before he became conscious that no life was in it, and realized that he had not expected any, though someone must be caring for the farm. Years since his father and mother had died—while he was serving his first term.

He stepped back from the house to the barn, desperately recalling that the yard had seemed as wide as a field when he ran out in the night for an armful of wood to put in the stove.

The tiny stable which had seemed so long when you stood behind the row of stalls and looked across the hips of horses between them! The roof which it had seemed such an Alpine labour to mount and affix a little wooden windmill. He turned away quickly, fearing that someone might be within, passed the corn-crib, the pig-pen, and came back of the barn.

A strawstack was there, sprawling dark-brown over a great area of soil, unbuilt, but taking what shape it might as it was spewed forth from the threshers. It must have lain there three or four years. Hummocks and holes were about its edges, made by time and the burrowing of animals.

He crept among these for a place which would shelter him for the night, recalling how his father had disapproved the sprawled carelessness of such stacks, and the prudence with which his own were built, before the boy's eyes, looking on with a child's curiosity that made all things pertinent.



THE WINDOW SEAT
LINO CUT
BY
L. A. C. PANTON

He searched out a place, a hole in the side, pulled handfuls of straw and enlarged it, and at last leaned back looking out from where he sat beneath the edge of the cupola roof toward the back of the farm.

He sat, burrowing and making the most of the warmth and trying to refuse his thoughts. Many a farmer's barn or strawstack had made his bed for the night in the course of his wanderings without his dreaming of coming so to the old place.

He took out of a package some cheese and bread with bologna and hard cakes. The dark had come on, and a musty smell from the old straw he had moved spread around him. It brought back in a whelming wave the nights on which he had gone to sparrow hunts. The parties made up, they took different ways and went loudly talking by dark roads to neighbors' barns and stacks, carrying lanterns. Reaching their hands into holes about the eaves of the stack, they seized the birds, or held a net before it and beat upon the straw beside the hole. The birds flew out with squeaking chirps. They twisted off the heads to take for proof when the bodies became too bulky. The greatest number won the catchers an oyster-supper, which the losing side bought and helped to eat. The oblivion!

But sometimes stepping up to the stack, a bird would fly out, blindly in the dark, wind of its wings velvet against his cheek, and be free. . . . The smell was about him yet, making more keen a sense of the years since those times.

They had not seemed such unforgiven years as they went. It was when he looked at them all from one point that he loathed them suddenly, their whirling inconsequence swinging to crime that lent nothing to hope, until he could blot them away with diversions to give memory worse stings for the future.

The years muffled him as he went through them, persuaded him that they were brief, that they would change, deliver to his hands chance. But, waiting, the wanderings, the wanderings they had led him.

Because of the witless inanity of a moment.

He was only a boy when it happened, fifteen years old. His parents had gone to the village that afternoon, and left him to do the chores about the house and barn when he returned from school. His sister, younger than himself, came home together with him, running after when she had left the other girls at their gates. They set about their tasks.

Presently he came to that of filling the woodbox, empty from the day's burning. A huge woodpile stood in the back yard, the outcome of a day and a half of buzzing. At the bottom, where he had been pulling out the wood, the sticks had become bound in, for the pile had been thrown together into whatever shape it might take as the cutting went on, and was not yet piled in tiers. So he climbed to the top and

began pulling the sticks out and tossing them down below.

The little sister came out of the house to help him, for she was lonely in the house; and stooped down to the ground to pick up the sticks as they tumbled and dropped to the bottom.

Faster and faster the sticks twirled down to one side of him, the boy stooping over all the time, and not looking where they fell.

Then he did look around, under a sudden impulsion, and seemed to hear a low moan broken. One of the sticks had been lighter than most and flew to strike the little girl on the forehead.

He jumped down the pile without consciousness of doing so until he stumbled on a projecting piece and nearly fell headlong on the thickset stubs.

She was lying on the ground, with a bruise above her temple. He could not waken her. He pulled at her shoulder, called her name in tones that fought with fear and could not rise to loudness.

He lifted her and carried her into the house, with unwitting dragging steps, such a breaking heart as he had never known before. Dusk was closing about the flat country. In the vivid wind the leafless trees howled madly in sorrow, and from the barnyard came cattle's lowing.

Inside it was darker, as he moved to a couch and placed his burden upon it. He looked at the little form for a moment, unable to think. Then he called her name again, and went to get cold water.

There was no sign. The child was still as before. Still he looked at the glimmering form in the dark, the furniture crowding about him, with such a heart within as he thought must at any moment bring his death. He called her name and with fear-sped legs fled from the house.

The dark was there, holding back like an ambush of armed ruffians. The boy ran the gauntlet of it to the road, and stood waiting, listening and peering. There was not a sound, and as he watched, the thought came on the wings of a different terror that perhaps it was better so. He made a movement to set off in the direction opposite that from which he expected his father's and his mother's coming. The world was suddenly so big. . . . He must stay a little yet. He must return to the house and get his overcoat and mittens.

He entered again and secured them and went to the side of his sister. With a great effort he again shaped her name with his lips, but he dare not feel her wrist or her forehead.

As he left the place he felt that he could not go far. He himself would die under the weight.

In the darkness of early morning he got aboard a freight train. Six months later he heard that his sister had recovered and come to no further harm,

but those ten or fifteen minutes never were to be less in his memory than the years which they had become.

There was no need for his continued wanderings, except in himself. He might have returned at any time after he had learned, but those few months, few instants had shaped the rest of his life. From town to city he went, falling in with groups ever more questionable. He was surprised mightily after his first serious crime and began then to wonder whither he was tending. After prison he thought that he would make another start, and all would be well. But he had merely a steeper slope down which to glide.

Prison meant little to him. The change in the routine of his days hid no other change. Life was the same and left him with the same feeling after a few weeks behind the high iron fences and walls as it had outside. In spite of his conviction that he should think of nothing else. Some perversity in him kept his thoughts from wandering there. People were outside, people were there, inside. He was able to find as much and little in one place as in another.

It was not altogether indifference. Other men who seemed to be of his calibre knew him from meagre intercourse to be a pal. Without more than a few words, or probably, he felt, the capability, to any extent of understanding him. That was his defence in all his wanderings, the reason for his escape from many a dubious situation, and it was his bane. People of the class he came sometimes to frequent in the way of affairs couldn't think badly of him, and they could not understand him. When they began to trust him he could not resist showing them in error, and he constantly thrust himself back beyond beginnings.

While imprisonment meant little, freedom for a time did live with him. He was surprised with his own pleasure in all the manifestations of a trivial life around him. His record at the prison had been good, and with the encouragement of that he went to a ranch far off in the hills and got a job which in time was changed to a responsible one. But it was the same there. He began to realize that he was trusted, even to things beyond his normal activities. The upshot was prison again, and came near being lynching, but he left the stolen horses in time and managed to be caught by a brace of police.

Prison again, and he could not mind it this time either. It occurred to him one day that it was wrong, that he should be ashamed and repentant. The idea clung with him and bothered him the remainder of his term. He fancied that if he could not come to care there could be no hope for him. He wondered why something within him refused to care, and he asked the chaplain. The worthy man, puzzled, in ten minutes gave him enough reasons to make him more uncertainly dumbfounded than ever.

Freedom never came to him afterward. He rustled now in the straw. How could it after those

years. . . . Yes, they were years; the old place made him realize. Drifting about from city to country he could not try to find himself again. And now he had made the final break with, pitiful to call it, his destiny.—With himself, which could not spare him again. The crime he had committed he had always looked on as the last in the world for him. He would have, in its revelation, prepared for the last. Now it was done. At once, when he had hidden the traces, he had made for the old place, passing through that part of the country to another city, begging and tramping, callous of discovery, splitting a pile of wood now and then for a bowl of bread and milk. He walked all the first night, rested, and came on again through the day, desperately certain that if he could be once more there, all would be well.

Now he had come. He looked out of the hole in the straw at the long fence which stretched from alongside the stack, and shot, long and arrowy, to the back of the farm. When he had been a boy the fence was a rail one, crawling snakily, in the corners of which the cattle nibbled the ground bare of grass, and where may-apples sometimes grew. Despair burst through his soul at the thought that he even now refused to care, that his crime, his crimes, refused to present themselves to his mind in the colours in which they existed in the daylight of other men's sight.

His sight was never daylight. His trouble. Something dark and all-shrouding must be holding the light within him. If he might only search even over the world and find something, some sharp beauty he had never known, which would tear apart the curtain that stood, elastically resisting prisoners' blows, between himself and life! The search alone would stead him, set him again upon his feet.

He was leaning backward, the brim of his felt hat resting against the solid straw. He rolled his head from side to side wearily as he lay staring at the old pictures from his life which filled the entrance of the hole, against the bare dusty sky.

The nights he had lain so, or in the dark of a barn, his eyes seeking slits to light night skies. Or in the filtering dusk rose and went on as the stars thinned. A November morning, when crows had cawed with constricted throats, sussurant and shrill. The roads, though; they were what he remembered, not one by one, but as a great stretch before him containing all the different sorts he had come upon, waves of dust or of mire. But rarely he really saw other things. The limp crows flopping by . . .

He had never had great faith in the evil of men. In despite of his farings among them he had still somehow blinded himself to much of the worst in them. And now he began to see the worst, and at once to know that the worst was in all. The faces came before him, in animal-like roundness or animal-

like sharpness of feature, half a dozen, more, or the men he had thought to know, until they had shown themselves. Now he looked at them and knew that *they* knew, they understood, and defied or conciliated remorse. Theirs was not his numbness to conscience.

Something pricking was against his neck and he sat up, and half turning around, felt in the straw until his fingers came on the end of a piece of string. He drew it forth, the stiff-fibred binder-twine, used to bind the sheaves, and blown out with the straw. He probed about in the straw again, to get any others that might irritate; and pulled out three or four, which he threw down beside him.

He leaned forward and looked out. It seemed to have become a little lighter. Fields, fences, and trees stood and lay in a pale and black dust. Then at one side he saw the moon, slight, sabre-thin, with the round penumbra. Below stood trees, short thin branches reaching up like baby fingers toward a mother's face.

A new moon! Why new? How could one call anything new? People must have thought sometime that when they became gross and replete with light the old moons died. Or their souls appeared again on the other side of death. Then it could be right to call it new.

He drew back into the straw cave on his hands and knees, and felt the bunch of twine. (The dread moon, and the frost!) The coarseness of it beneath his hands brought back a vision of an old rope swing dangling in the wind, seatless, from a maple bough opposite the back door as he left the house forever. He had taken the rope long before from about a bag of binder-twine and climbed with twisting, stubby, bare toes, to tie it to the limb. Many an afternoon the two children had swung on it, while the leaves of the maple limb shivered with the shock. One day he sat on the seat idly after twisting the ropes together and then letting them whirl him around, and looked up along it to see that it was only twine after all like the twine in the balls, that was used in the binder. Some day he would twist some together and make a rope of his own.

His fingers still held the bits of twine in the straw. Then he took them up and tied them together. He stopped. Why was he doing that? He threw them aside as though in sudden fright.

Yet why should he be afraid—of himself? His weakness had been not being afraid, perhaps. He could not pick on that part of him which should be blamed. He leaned back again and a straw brushed the band of his hat. His heart leaped before he could remember once more the cause of that half-noise, half-feeling. It reminded him that he was in a strange condition when he could imagine the crackling within his head. Yet not when the knife fell did his heart feel, and he was quiet as he put away the corpse. A

strange condition truly, he scoffed, having committed that crime, not to care to think about it, about punishment or danger.

He shivered.

Then the old despair filled him once more. He could never care. Were all these years an effort, a seeking to care about life, about sin? His mind pictured the shrinking and remorse which he ought to experience at the very thought of his deed, and strangely for an instant it began to come, in something of the way which another must feel it. Then he groaned. It would be only the same years over again, the same walkings, cold alley-brawls, debauch, the years alike and he limping over them as a dog on a treadmill; to learn and discover nothing but death and sorrow. The strange things men made of themselves in the course of years, and the terrible part of it: that they never knew, until moments such as this. All; if it were only such as he!

He found himself on his hands and knees tearing the straw out in handfuls, sifting it, searching out the lengths of binder-twine. Then he stopped in sudden fright and made to leave the place. He tried to think: the posse; they knew his record, might seek him here. But it was not that. . . . He looked about the dark ground and sleeping trees that held so much of his real life. Then he came within again. His movements stirring up the sharp musty smell of mouldy straw.

He tied the strings together, sought more and more of them, frenziedly began braiding them. 'I can't think,' his mind warned him, 'I must not think.' Soon he could be heard saying it aloud, rhythmically. 'I can't think, I'll not think. . . . I'll not think, I can't think.'

And soon the thin moon would come and peer in shortsightedly, and see nothing there.

RAYMOND KNISTER.

THE WOMEN'S CANADIAN CLUB OF TORONTO offers to non-professional writers in Toronto and the County of York a prize of One Hundred Dollars for the best Essay submitted not later than February 1, 1924. Subject: 'The Story of the Settlement of Ontario'. Essays must not exceed 5,000 words. MSS. must be typed and accompanied by a written statement that the writer (full name and address) is of Canadian birth and has never received payment for literary work. Essays cannot be acknowledged or returned. Send MSS. to Mrs. Rhys D. Fairbairn, President, 108 Heath Street West, Toronto, and mark envelope 'Literary Contest'.

The Bookshelf

Metapsychics

Thirty Years of Psychical Research, being a Treatise on Metapsychics (Macmillan; pp. xv+646; \$6.75).

M. Charles Richet is Professor of Physiology in the University of Paris. He is also the author of a remarkable and perplexing volume on Metapsychics of which an English version has just been published. Metapsychics is M. Richet's name for what he claims to be a new science, the subject matter of which consists in those apparitions, premonitions, divinations, clairvoyances, materializations, and divers other alleged phenomena which, if accepted, are inexplicable in terms of our orthodox and established science. M. Richet is not only himself convinced that the evidence for this new science exists, he maintains that no open-minded reader of his work can fail to reach the same conclusion. He amasses the curious, disconcerting, fragmentary testimonies of innumerable witnesses, discards some, is dubious of some, but finds a core of indubitable certainty which leaves him no choice but to proclaim the infant science as the first ray of illumination upon an unprospected new world of unknown and illimitable horizons.

If the evidence is forthcoming we must welcome it, whether our prepossessions are for or against it, whether it confirms or disturbs our working faith. But what is evidence, and what kind of evidence is proof? M. Richet, for example, declares it 'vastly improbable or even impossible' that men like Crookes, Lodge, Russell Wallace, Lombroso, Flammarion, and many others should have been in respect of 'metapsychical' phenomena the victims of credulity. Unfortunately, in a matter which touches so intimately the dearest hopes and most cherished traditions, we can find no strong assurance in the fact that a few eminent men, generally in the later years of life, have given the weight of their authority to the side of belief. The utterances of eminent scientists of all countries during the war suggest some melancholy reflections on the limitations of the scientific spirit. What Sir Oliver Lodge propounds respecting electrons is evidence of more convincing worth than what he offers in the messages from Raymond. The researches of Flammarion on the heavenly bodies have an authority which we cannot accord to his thoughts on the place of man in the universe. A good plumber is not of necessity a good carpenter, and a good philosopher may prove, in spite of Plato, a very inferior king.

We have here to deal with a material quite unlike any other. Can we sift out of the mass of hallucinations, coincidences, and conscious and unconscious deceptions which beset every such enquiry a residuum of scientific, or as M. Richet would say 'meta-

psychical' fact? Can we get beyond the human instincts and promptings and hopes and fears, which so easily give to airy nothings a local habitation and a name, to the sure ground of a knowledge hitherto denied? If the answer is the affirmative which M. Richet offers, it claims a profound significance. It is so important that it merits the most rigorous scrutiny.

M. Richet's work does not fully meet the test. It is honest and straightforward, but it is not sufficiently rigorous, not sufficiently, one might say, ruthless. Here is an illustration of his attitude which gives point to this criticism. In a long chapter on Premonitions or prophetic warnings—belief in the scientific nature of which involves extraordinary difficulties not adequately realized by M. Richet—the author cites his own experience.

I have myself had only one premonitory dream, and that a vague one. Though I never dream of music (for good reasons), I dreamed that I heard Chopin's 'Funeral March.' The impression was clear and I wondered what eminent person might be dead. Three or four days later I was invited to an important funeral and I imagined that the dream might be an interesting premonition. I went, perhaps for that reason, expecting to hear Chopin's march. I was much disappointed when nothing of the kind took place. But returning home I came across a military funeral and the band was playing Chopin's march. This may have been a coincidence, but I am inclined to think that there was a premonition.

There is an unusual *naïveté* about this story, but it undoubtedly suggests a weakness in the author's scientific approach.

Nor are we satisfied with the use which M. Richet makes of the calculus of probabilities in order to provide 'moral if not mathematical' certainty. As this is the type of argument on which the author most relies, an example of his method must be offered.

J. has left his friend F., when F. was very slightly indisposed. Soon after J. in his own house sees the apparition of F., and asks his wife, 'What is the time?' 'Twelve minutes to nine.' 'Then,' says J., 'F. has died at 8.48. I have just seen him.' In fact, F. has died between 8.35 and 9 o'clock, or, taking the mean, at 8.45. The times are exactly concordant. The probability that J. should have one, and one only, hallucination in his whole life and that it should agree exactly with the time of F.'s death can be calculated fairly closely. There are 96 quarter hours in the day, and 365 days in the year. Taking twenty years of J.'s experience that gives a probability of 1:700,000 against a chance coincidence. C. Flammarion (*Revue Spirite*, February, 1921), by another method of calculation reaches a probability of 1:800,000,000 on the same data; but whether 1:700,000 or 1:800,000,000 the moral improbability of chance coincidence is the same.

There is a serious weakness in this whole line of argument. We may omit the fact that F.'s indisposition might suggest the idea of his decease, thus destroying the whole calculus of probability.

The deeper criticism is just that coincidence, *if regarded as an isolated event*, is nothing else than a case of high mathematical improbability actually occurring, and coincidences are perfectly common. In fact every event, in its complex setting of time and place and circumstance, is unique and therefore a coincidence against which the *a priori* mathematical odds are enormous. That a given Mr. White should marry a Miss Black is overwhelmingly against probability, but no doubt such an event has occurred, and we do not invoke any supernatural causation to explain it. It is equally improbable that Mr. White should marry a Miss Brown or Miss Thomson, if we think in terms of abstract mathematical odds. We are struck by the case of Mr. White and Miss Black, and we are struck by the forebodings that come true. But the myriad cases in which Mr. White does not marry Miss Black 'restores' the probabilities, and so may the countless instances in which dreams and foretellings have not been realized.

We have but touched on some salient difficulties of this amazing volume. Space does not permit us to enter into the darker regions of 'telekinesis,' the movement of objects without physical contact of any known order, and 'ectoplasms' or materializations. M. Richet believes in them all as proven 'metapsychics,' and does not shrink from offering weird photographs of these phenomena. The reader who is interested in such things will find this large treatise an extraordinary storehouse of material. If he is inclined to belief it will confirm his faith. If he is sceptical he will probably remain so. In either case it affords much ground for curious reflection. What we know is but a trifle beside what we do not know, and new light may come out of the deepest shadows.

R. M. MACIVER.

Economics

International Aspects of Unemployment, by Watson Kirkconnell (Allen and Unwin; pp. 217; 6/6).

Mr. Kirkconnell's book deserves a hearty welcome. The more books of this kind and the more readers of such books, the better for the civilization whose urgent peril the author portrays. And it is particularly gratifying to find so discerning and spirited a study of international affairs written by a native-born Canadian, since the Canadian press and Canadian publicists have in general shown a weak timidity and a stultifying complacency in face of the tremendous crisis through which, at its European focus, our whole social and economic life is passing.

Unemployment is the text rather than the subject of Mr. Kirkconnell's essay, and the economic specialist who turns to it for new light on this problem will be disappointed. Mr. Kirkconnell's theme, reminiscent of the early chapters of Mr. Keynes' now famous book

but worked out with an independent grasp of both facts and ideas, is that our elaborate socio-economic system is threatened with entire and immediate ruin because of the failure of those who live within it, politicians and peoples, to maintain the mere degree of intelligence and co-operative spirit which it demands. The world is sick from an excess of nationalism.

A war inspired by mad nationalism has slashed and mangled the delicate economic system by which modern civilization was sustained. A peace dictated by mad nationalism has infected the wounds and prevented all healing. And currency disorders, sprung voluntarily and involuntarily from mad nationalistic policies, are driving the patient crazy.

The symptoms of this sickness, unemployment, lowered standards of living, dangerous unrest, following in the wake of swollen national debts, inflation, tariff barriers, and impossible reparations, are graphically but accurately recorded, and a large chapter thereafter devoted to 'therapeutic principles'.

While most economists would accept the general thesis, there are points at which Mr. Kirkconnell's zeal outruns his discretion. It is far too sweeping to dismiss the most significant change in the birth-rate since 1878 (concomitant with an equally significant change in the death-rate to which Mr. Kirkconnell pays no attention) as due to 'Neomalthusianism, that social programme whereby the fitter elements of a community forgo normal parenthood and leave the future of their race to the teeming progeny of the unfit and improvident'. It is misleading to suggest that the type of unemployment insurance scheme proposed by Mr. Rowntree might involve on Great Britain an extra burden which 'would bring disaster and worse conditions than those which were to be cured'—it is only a different and more business-like way of carrying a burden which must be borne until the conditions change. It is inaccurate to state that at a particular time Canada had 8.5 per cent. of unemployment, since we have no absolute figures for unemployment for Canada. It is not so 'obvious' as Mr. Kirkconnell thinks that 'we do not need a gold basis in order to have exchange stability'. It is more than doubtful that 'there is less capital in the world to-day than ever before in modern times'. The actual impairment of capital resources is quite secondary as compared with the breakdown of economic organization. Finally, the pessimistic utterance that our modern world displays 'both a growing complexity in civilization and a *progressive qualitative decadence* in man' (italics ours) is not supported by any convincing evidence and suggests that the contemplation of the world's grievous ills has robbed Mr. Kirkconnell of historical perspective. But these excesses detract little from the genuine value of an admirable 'tract for the times'.

R. M. MACIVER.

THE ASSAULT ON MOUNT EVEREST, 1922

By Brig.-General The Hon. C. G. BRUCE, and Other Members of the Expedition. With 32 full-page illustrations, a photogravure frontispiece and map. \$7.50

This magnificent volume contains the narrative of the stupendous climbs in which the height of 27,000 feet was reached, thus eclipsing all previous records. The use of oxygen apparatus was seriously tested for the first time and produced results of great scientific importance. A third great climb later in the season was unfortunately interrupted by the terrible avalanche which overwhelmed the party soon after the start, resulting in the sad death of several of the Tibetan porters. The photographs are, if possible, even more wonderful than those in the previous work, and the map of the country has been thoroughly revised in the light of the latest experience. It is betraying no secret to say that the result of the 1922 expedition has been to stimulate the desire for a third attempt to complete the trilogy—first the Reconnaissance, next the Assault, and finally let us hope the Conquest of the Great Mountain.

THE MAN OF PROMISE: Lord Rosebery. A Critical Study.

By E. T. RAYMOND, Author of "Uncensored Celebrities," "Portraits of the Nineties," etc. With a Portrait. \$3.50

Was Lord Rosebery a potential Chatham, marred by the malice of circumstance? Or was he rather another Charles Townshend, the typical man of brilliant surface, but no discernible basis of solid ability? Mr. Raymond discusses in all its aspects the baffling character of one of the most interesting personalities of modern times.

MANIN AND THE VENETIAN REVOLUTION OF 1848.

By G. M. TREVELYAN. Author of "British History in the 19th Century," etc. \$4.50

This work will make a fourth in the author's series of volumes on the central period of the Italian "risorgimento." The other three centred round the figure of Garibaldi at Rome, Sicily and Naples in the years 1849 and 1860. The present volume centres round Manin and Venice, chiefly during the year 1848, which the author has not previously treated.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

PUBLISHERS

210 VICTORIA STREET, - TORONTO

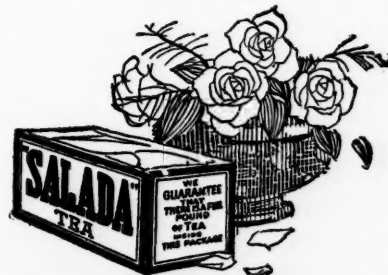
F. T. JAMES FISH CO.

Proprietors and Sole
Distributors of

BEACON BRANDS

Main 7454

29 Church Street, - Toronto



Delightfully Fragrant

The pure, fresh flavour of

"SALADA"

TEA

is beyond imitation
JUST TRY IT

Cycles of Unemployment in the United States, 1903-1922, by William A. Berridge (Houghton-Mifflin; pp. xiv + 88; \$1.25).

Money, by William Trufant Foster and Waddill Catchings (Houghton-Mifflin; pp. viii + 407; \$3.50).

These volumes are respectively numbers four and two of publications for the Pollak Foundation for Economic Research. They represent generally a part of the results of work done by that foundation in a study of phases of business cycles.

Mr. Berridge, in a prize essay for the Foundation, has shown with clearness and conviction the importance of statistics on employment to an understanding of business cycles. Indices of unemployment are compiled with great care for two periods 1903-1914 and 1914-1922. From these indices discussion is directed to the close relation of employment to production and to buying power. The whole is a very welcome contribution to a most urgent economic problem and is consequently of vital interest to all economists, sociologists, and those interested in social work. It is testimony to the importance of collecting ample statistics on employment.

A new book on money, however, is an undertaking which demands explanation. It is written because money 'should be the core of economic theory,' because 'more of the world's difficulties are due to money than any other economic cause,' and because 'this is a good time to study it'. There is explanation enough in the last reason even though the work is avowedly introductory and deals 'only with the larger aspects of monetary phenomena the significance of which appears to be overlooked at times in discussions of business problems and reform programs'.

The treatment is, accordingly, to a large extent popular, and to that end the book is written in an interesting and illuminating style. Some of the chapters have already appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *American Economic Review*, the *Annalist* and the *Saturday Evening Post*. The discussion on inflation, international trade, the quantity theory, the work of the Federal Reserve system, the time factor in the circuit flow of money, and other difficult related points is carried on with exceptional clearness. A great number of pages are devoted to the monetary delusions of Ford, Edison, Douglas, and others, and the treatment is confined largely to the United States. A frank and admirable statement of numerous important unsolved problems in the study of money, and of suggestions as to further lines of research, is in itself a contribution to the study of business cycles.

It is unfortunate that the authors found it necessary to mar the work by the inclusion of questionable topics, on the grounds, presumably, of establishing an indispensable foundation. The definition of

economics as the science that deals with human interests from the standpoint of price is as questionable as it is unnecessary. The war cannot be disregarded so easily as to permit one to say that 'more of the world's difficulties are due to monetary policies than any other economic cause'. How is it possible for authors to present a very sane discussion of 'normal' conditions and then to write a meaningless statement to the effect that human beings everywhere and in the long run, *except where price fluctuations and unemployment prevent*, adjust their efforts as producers to the maximum possibilities of their pleasure as consumers? What is meant when it is said that right prices are those which stimulate a country to its maximum continuous output—maximum production consistent with human satisfaction? The shades of hedonism stalk uneasily through a treatise on money. Nor does a treatment of this subject require a defense of Big Business in general or of the United States Steel Corporation in particular. To say that competitive business is democratic and to cite the case of Brown's chewing gum in support of that statement is obviously to neglect the importance of advertising. It is to be hoped further that the time will arrive when it will not be possible to label a paragraph 'capital goods are the result of saving.' The validity of the conclusions would have lost nothing through the omission of these questionable items.

We must still look for an elementary treatise on money. The marked advances in the study render inevitable serious depreciations in text books. We have much to learn and it is to be hoped that time will not be lost. The monetary situation in Europe offers unprecedented and unique opportunities for study. The neglect of these opportunities is astonishing. The work under review has lamentably few references to continental bibliography. Never has there been so much to be gained from a scientific and inductive treatment of the subject and never has there been greater danger from the retention of preconceptions.

H. A. INNES.

Two Critics

The Roving Critic, by Carl van Doren (Macmillan; pp. 262; \$2.50).

The Modern Novel, by Wilson Follett (Macmillan; pp. xxxix + 338; \$2.50).

The roving critic is clearly a journalist, while Mr. Wilson Follett belongs to the academies. And, without drawing any general conclusions, we must add that in this case the journalist has turned out a book which is easy to read and to travel through, while the academician makes one immediately conscious of the length of his work.

Some of Mr. van Doren's papers are excellent. 'Creative Reading' touches on a very vital point, which should be brought home to all who in any degree make

Important!

INDIAN DAYS IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

By MARIUS BARBEAU. With 15 quadricolour illustrations by W. Langdon Kihn (the distinguished New York artist).....\$2.50
Alike for the expertise with which Mr. Barbeau writes the text, and for the distinction of Mr. Kihn's illustrations, this book is likely to attract wide attention. It is partly historical record and partly legend. Mr. Barbeau, who has a continent-wide reputation as an anthropologist, knows the Indians of the West, both American and Canadian, as few know them.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF FESTUS

By CONRAD AIKEN.....\$1.75
Through the medium of the most felicitous and subtly-varying verse forms, Conrad Aiken takes his hero, Festus, on a long, thrilling journey through the dark chasms and jungles of his own mind in search of the answer to the riddle of life.

CHILDREN OF THE WIND

By M. P. SHIEL.....\$2.00
The intrigues of these wily people pitted against the wit of the English make a tale which is full of vivid incidents and hair-breadth escapes. Africa has never been made to appear more gruesome or more sinister.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
70 Bond Street Toronto

THE BLIND BOW-BOY

By CARL VAN VECHTEN.....\$2.50
In full agreement with George Borrow's remark that "nobody would call a book a novel if he could call it anything else," Mr. Van Vechten prefers to describe this work, the action of which passes in New York, 1922, and the hero of which is the god Eros, as "a cartoon for a stained-glass window."

JANE—OUR STRANGER

By MARY BORDEN.....\$2.50
Vividly and dramatically Mary Borden has told this compelling story of an international mesalliance. Against a brilliant setting of pre-war Paris, of Deauville, of the Chateau of Saint Clothilde is enacted the drama of Jane Carpenter's marriage.

A LOST LADY

By WILLA CATHER.....\$1.75
In every page there is a melancholy beauty, a thrilling pathos; while through the whole story one figure stands out with irresistible fascination—the figure of Marian Forrester, full of feminine mystery and charm, inscrutable in her weakness and her reckless courage. She is one of Miss Cather's greatest triumphs.

THE THREE IMPOSTORS

By ARTHUR MACHEN.....\$2.50
What was there in the mere sight of a coin, known as the Gold Tiberius, which could strike terror in the hearts of two who had heretofore left untouched the obscure mysteries of life? A superb "thriller"; not the ordinary mystery-detective story, but a tale worthy to rank with Robert Louis Stevenson's *New Arabian Nights*.

THE BACK SEAT

By G. B. STERN.....\$2.00
With a few stage directions, Miss Stern's lovable individuals and delightfully humorous lines could easily become a three act comedy. As it is, there runs the thread of a very living drama under the kindly and wise philosophy on "which little pig goes to market" and "which little pig stays at home."

THE LATEST FROM THE OXFORD LIST

EARLY LATIN VERSE. By W. M. Lindsay.....\$9.00

"It gathers up every ray of light in Plautus' pages on spoken Latin; it prepares the way for an adequate presentation of Plautus' lines by editors; it vindicates Plautus' artistic skill."

SHAKESPEARE: THE MAN AND HIS STAGE. Illustrated. By E. A. Greening Lamborn and G. B. Harrison.....0.75

An introduction to Shakesperian study presenting a wealth of information on the Life, Age, Plays, and Dramatic Environment of Shakespeare. The book contains a minimum of theory, confining itself to a presentation of the available facts, illustrated by quotations, facsimiles, etc.

FRENCH PARTIES AND POLITICS. By R. H. Soltan.....0.50

"At once the most comprehensive and up-to-date manual obtainable upon the political constitution of France. . . . An invaluable handbook to the political student."—*Daily Herald*.

THE POEMS OF ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.....2.00

This volume makes available for the first time in convenient form the finest poems of a poet whom Palgrave described as possessing "the exquisite tenderness of touch, the melody, and delicacy of Chopin".

WILLIAM BYRD. By E. H. Fellowes.....1.75

A short account of the life and work of a great Englishman whose work is as famous for its great merit and beauty as it is for its wealth and variety.

HISTORICAL JURISPRUDENCE. By Sir Paul Vinogradoff.....3.40

This introductory section of the greater work is now made accessible for students.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
TORONTO CANADA

the reading of books an integral part of their lives. The distinction is made, though only lightly and briefly, between the reader whose reading is dictated by formal or historical considerations and hence represents more or less a stationary part of himself, and the other rarer reader whose journey through the world of books is bound up with his inner spiritual development and is therefore full of life and growth. There is a great sermon to be written on this subject. Mr. van Doren has not written it, but he has touched intelligently on the theme and made us feel that he might write the sermon if he chose. There are other papers in the book which may appeal more to other tastes, among them a number of American studies, and a few excursions outside of literary criticism.

Mr. Wilson Follett is well-known for his care and thoroughness. But his book suffers by being written in the lecture-room manner, whatever that may be. It is easier to feel than to describe. No man has yet succeeded in setting up his rostrum before a solitary chair. It is unlikely that any man ever will.

Fiction

Ralph Herne, by W. H. Hudson (Macmillan; pp. 160; \$7.50).

This posthumous work by W. H. Hudson was, as he tells us in his scarcely legible preface, the first story that he wrote. It was by mere chance that it escaped the destruction which was the lot of several of these earliest writings. The story gives a picture of conditions in Buenos Ayres during the year of plague, 1871. It is not, taken by itself, of particular interest, but it is characteristic of its author in its simplicity and directness and what may be called its lack of ambition. Hudson was always so absorbed in his subject, whether it was external nature or his own earlier experiences that he seemed entirely without literary ambition or self-consciousness. Consequently when he wrote stories (a medium in which he was seldom at home) he never errs on the side of

artificiality or straining after effect, but rather tends to be ordinary and even banal.

No one will be deeply moved by the story of Ralph Herne, but lovers of Hudson will be interested in the book as it rounds out the tale of the author's literary life. So long as one realizes how lightly he himself regarded it, there is no harm in this posthumous publication of a discarded work. But if it ever dissuades a reader from enjoying the real Hudson of *Far Away and Long Ago*, *Afoot in England*, *A Shepherd's Life*, *Idle Days in Patagonia*, *Adventures in Birdland* and a dozen others, its publication will be, so far, a calamity.

Men Like Gods, by H. G. Wells (Macmillan; pp. 327; \$2.00).

Mr. Wells has tried to suggest a Utopia sufficiently within the bounds of possibility to call forth hope and endeavour. In his appeal to the intelligence he is successful enough, and his forecast of life as it might be if the good in man were developed to the full, the spiritual in him were allowed to rule, is stimulating and encouraging. Probably this is all that Mr. Wells is aiming at. He does not touch on emotions, as W. H. Hudson does in his *Chrystal Age*, and there are few who will really desire his Utopia. But, on the other hand, there is much through the book to make us realize not only the stupidity of our present state of society, but also the possibility of changing it into something better. It is an excellent parlour game to take the current issue of any of our daily papers and criticize it in the light of *Men Like Gods*.

The Casement, by Frank Swinnerton (McClelland & Stewart).

As the publishers truthfully announce this is by the author of *September*. They could not bring themselves to make the obviously false statement, 'by the author of *Nocturne*'. Perhaps this other Mr. Frank Swinnerton who ranks so high among modern novelists will give us one of his masterpieces before long. Meanwhile he would do well to adopt a pseudonym for such books as *The Casement*.



BOOKS REVIEWED
OR ADVERTISED
IN THESE PAGES
MAY BE HAD AT

TYRRELL'S BOOK SHOP

780 YONGE ST., TORONTO

Charles Aylett

Photographs

Studio: 96 YONGE STREET

Main 1098

THE EMPIRE REVIEW

Every thinking man and woman throughout the King's Dominions should read THE EMPIRE REVIEW, the leading monthly journal of the Empire. It contains Literary, Scientific, Sporting and Financial Sections.

September contributions include:

1. Letters from Berlin, 1887.
The Rt. Hon. Austen Chamberlain, M.P.
2. The Future of The Times.
Major the Hon. J. J. Astor, M.P.
3. Truth about the Monkey Gland.
Leonard Williams, M.D.
4. Ethics: Then and Now.
The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Ronaldshay, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.
5. Pavlova: A Poem.
Geoffrey Dearmer.
6. Books as Links of Empire: (No. 5) Newton's "Principia."
A. R. Forsyth, F.R.S.
7. The Medical School at Khartoum.
O. F. H. Atkey.
8. Anglo-Russian Trade and the Trade Agreement.
E. F. Wise, C.B.
9. A Case of Obsession: A Short Story.
E. Harcourt Williams.
10. Why I fought against England in 1900 and For England in 1914 (Part I).
Colonel Lynch.
11. The Future of Greece.
Philhellene.

Special Overseas Articles

Hitherto Unpublished
Letters of

Rt. Hon.
Austen Chamberlain
from Germany

35 cents the copy or \$4.20 yearly subscription

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT LONDON, ENGLAND

SEND ORDERS TO
THE MACMILLAN CO.
OF CANADA LIMITED
TORONTO

Queen's Quarterly

The magazine for readers of THE CANADIAN FORUM. \$1.50 per annum, post free. Send cheque to Queen's Quarterly, Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario.

High School Boards and Boards of Education

are authorized by law to establish

Industrial, Technical and Art Schools

With the Approval of the Minister of Education

DAY AND EVENING CLASSES

may be conducted in accordance with the regulations issued by the Department of Education.

THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION

is given in various trades. The schools and classes are under the direction of AN ADVISORY COMMITTEE. Application for attendance should be made to the Principal of the school.

COMMERCIAL SUBJECTS, MANUAL TRAINING, HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE and AGRICULTURE and HORTICULTURE

are provided for in the Courses of Study in Public, Separate, Continuation and High Schools and Collegiate Institutes and Vocational Schools and Departments.

Copies of the Regulations issued by the Department of Education may be obtained from the Deputy Minister of Education, Toronto.

Toronto, June, 1922.



ONTARIO COLLEGE OF ART
Grange Park • Toronto
DRAWING • PAINTING • MODELLING • DESIGN
DIPLOMA COURSE • JUNIOR COURSE
TEACHER'S COURSE • COMMERCIAL ART
G. A. REID R.C.A. Principal
Session 1923-24: October 1st.—January 19th and January 21st.—May 10th.
Prospectus on application.

The Business Cycle, V

AND now to bring this series of articles to a conclusion. In doing so we inevitably arrive back again at the exact point from which we started, a confession of ignorance of the deep underlying causes of the cycle. Perhaps that problem will never be entirely and finally solved, because it is quite possible, we may even say very probable, that no one explanation will ever suffice.

But for all that there is still an immense amount of work to be done, work which can be done and awaits the labourer in full measure. The whole vast and intricate problem of the relation of crop production to rainfall and the duration of sunshine is being investigated all over the world. For years the Canadian Meteorological Service has been collecting data, and little by little a mass of information is being compiled which must eventually yield valuable results. It may be remarked here that the problem of crop production and rainfall is complicated by the other factor just mentioned, duration of sunshine and temperature. Even supposing that a rainfall cycle could be established for a certain district, it by no means follows that it would coincide with a cycle of crop production, since suitable growing conditions dependent on sufficient sunshine at critical periods are absolutely necessary for crop production.

Secondly, an immense field for research, which has, as yet, hardly been touched, lies in the problem of world supply of bread products, that is apart from the other problem of cyclical influences of rainfall and sunshine. Here lies a field for the statistician, as distinguished from the physicist and meteorologist. To take one instance which awaits investigation. There are several agencies which collect data with regard to the 'visible supply' of breadstuffs, week by week or month by month, for instance the well-known Liverpool agency of Broomhall, the Chicago Price Current Grain Reporter, and the International Agricultural Institute.

If the figures of the visible supply of breadstuffs be analyzed and plotted month by month from 1902 to 1914 a somewhat remarkable result is attained, in that it is found that a major decline in the supply of breadstuffs precedes a major decline in business prosperity, and a rise in the visible supply always precedes a recovery in business. What exactly is the significance of this? It is not easy to say, because the problem is, as usual, a great deal more complicated than it appears at first. Let us first take it from one side, that of production. A falling off of production of such wealth-producing goods as breadstuffs means a loss of wealth to the world, and so a curtailment of purchasing power and economic depression. We are then back again at the problem of the cycle of crop production. But on the other hand, it is perfectly possible to twist the whole question around

the other way, and look at it, not from the side of production, but of consumption. The visible supply diminishes, because people have not the money to buy so freely, and prices drop in consequence. Of course with low prices the acreage diminishes, because farmers do not want to produce large quantities of a low-priced commodity. But how can we reconcile this apparently feasible explanation with the fact already stated, that a decline in the visible supply of breadstuffs precedes, or appears to precede, a major decline in business?

Here we find ourselves confronted once more with the extremely intricate problem of the 'lag' of one statistical series after another. Is it not possible that the eye is really deceived, and that what appears to be the precedence of the movement of visible bread supplies over the business cycle, as measured by other indices, is not in fact a precedence at all, but a lag from the downward trend of the cyclical movement previous to the one under inspection; in other words, is not what we take to be an anticipation of future trouble nothing more than a 'hang-over' from past troubles? It may very well be so, and the point awaits further elucidation. And the answer can be found, indeed must be found, sooner or later, and opens up a field for research of the greatest importance.

Not only does crop production await further research, but also the whole field of physical production as well. Already some excellent work has been done on the physical volume of imports and exports which may well lead to important conclusions. But the problem of physical production for home consumption has not yet been adequately tackled. A decade ago such research would have been almost impossible, but since the Dominion Bureau of Statistics has been under the control of an executive of vision in Mr. Coats, there is being compiled, slowly but surely, a vast mass of significant and valuable data with regard to physical production. We have, for instance, monthly figures of bags of flour milled, bags of cement, cattle and hogs slaughtered, pig iron, steel, and coal, and we can also utilize the most valuable data supplied by the monthly figures of ton miles of revenue freight on the C. P. R. Again there is a whole mass of banking figures awaiting expert analysis, and the influence of tariffs and taxation must be studied.

The field still open to the explorer is indeed vast, and slowly it is being attacked. The solution of the problem of the business cycle, if it ever will be solved in its entirety, will come through the laborious efforts of innumerable investigators, building up a structure of statistical analyses, which taken together will afford a corpus of knowledge invaluable to the world in general. Solve the problem of the business cycle and the world will have advanced a great step towards mankind's control of the forces of nature.

H. MICHELL.

WE shall be pleased to quote you for the purchase or sale of Government and Municipal Bonds and high grade Corporation Securities.

R. A. Daly & Co.

BANK OF TORONTO BUILDING
TORONTO

LYTTLE & KENNEDY STUDIOS LIMITED

Photographers

Main 4989

114 Yonge St.

SWISS STEAM LAUNDRY

Established 1886

"SERVICE---QUALITY"

Phone Adel. 0954 for driver.

SHAKESPEARE:—

"Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried."

Estel's

Limited

Manufacturers Dry Ginger Ale, etc.
Hard Boiled Candies and Toffees.

HILL. 1695

TORONTO

ESTIMATES GIVEN

ROBERT JORDAN

PLUMBING AND HEATING
CONTRACTOR

37 Hazelton Ave. - - Randolph 6324

Whitborne Inn

169 COLLEGE STREET (Two Doors West of McCaul)

Phone Trinity 9354

The handiest rendezvous in Toronto; just across the street from the University, and half way between the residential and shopping districts of the city.

LUNCHEON - 12.00 to 2.00
TEA - - - 3.00 to 5.00
DINNER - - 5.30 to 7.00



H. T. BAKER

J. E. BAKER

BAKER CARPET CLEANING CO.

RUGS AND CARPETS THOROUGHLY
CLEANED BY COMPRESSED AIR

WITHOUT INJURY

RUGS SCOURED RESTORING ORIGINAL COLORS
SIZED TO LAY FLAT WITHOUT TACKING

We make a specialty of cleaning and repairing Oriental
Rugs supervised by expert natives.

Phone Trinity 1937

178 Harbord Street

ESTABLISHED 1885

We carry in stock only first-class woollens. Have all our garments well made and trimmed.

Your order would be appreciated

BERKINSHAW & COLLIER

Merchant Tailors

31 Yonge Street, Toronto

See our Special made-to-order blue serge suits
at \$50.00, all wool, indigo dye.

The Canadian Forum

requires subscription agents in Halifax, Fredericton, St. John, Quebec, Levis, Three Rivers, Montreal, Sherbrooke, Hull, Kingston, Belleville, Windsor, Cobourg, Oshawa, Brantford, Woodstock, Peterborough, Lindsay, St. Thomas, Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon, Edmonton, Calgary, Victoria, and other towns of the Dominion.

For particulars of commission and bonuses, write to

P. SANDIFORD

The Canadian Forum

152 ST. GEORGE STREET, TORONTO - Canada

To THE CANADIAN FORUM,
152 St. George St.,
Toronto.

Please find enclosed \$2.00 for my subscription to THE CANADIAN
FORUM for one year beginning with the.....issue.

Name.....

Address.....

